You are entitled to a "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, page 15.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXI. No. 563 | SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

-BITRO-PHOSPHATE-

REJUVENATES THE AGED

GIVES STRENGTH TO THE WEAK

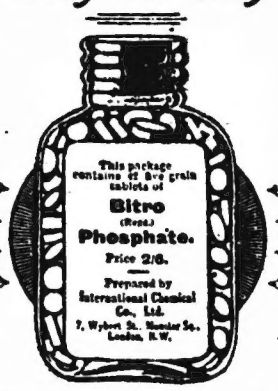
BANISHES DEPRESSION

REPAIRS TISSUE WASTAGE

CURES LASSITUDE — DEBILITY — INSOMNIA
NEURASTHENIA — BRAIN FAG — NERVOUSNESS
and gives an abundance of

VIM, VIGOUR AND VITALITY
to men and women who are weak run-down or out of sorts.

BITRO-PHOSPHATE is supplied in the form of small compressed tablets one of which should be taken during or immediately after every meal.



Bitro-Phosphate Tablets

Concentrated Food for the Brain and Nerves

PRICE 2/6 PER FLASK

CONTAINING TWO WEEKS' TREATMENT.

Obtainable of high-class Chemists everywhere: or sent post free on receipt of price by
THE INTERNATIONAL CHEMICAL COMPANY, LTD.,
7, WYBERT ST., MUNSTER SQUARE, LONDON, N.W.

Home on—
Ideal Terms

"Jack's home on leave. We're to be married at last. We're going to spend the honeymoon, all by our little selves, in a brand new home of our own! I've just been getting the furniture—the loveliest you ever saw. And a perfect miracle of cheapness!" You can get that furniture straight away, without drawing on your investments, without paying a single penny beyond the bedrock marked prices. No interest, no extras whatsoever. That is what the **Midland Ideal Terms** place within your reach to-day. Come to the Midland and see for yourself.

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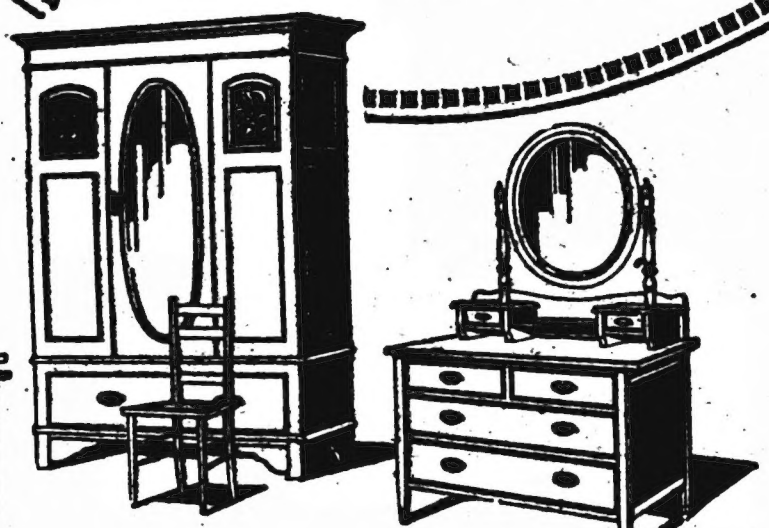
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Money buys more at the "Midland."

There is over £100,000 worth of superb furniture in the Midland Salons. Every price is marked in plain figures; and you have only to compare those figures with what you would be charged elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same sterling quality to convince yourself that "there's not a place in the Kingdom that can touch the Midland for value."

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance

10% Discount for Cash



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It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.

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packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Handsome Bedroom Suite,

soundly constructed in Fumed Oak. The Suite comprises a 4 ft. Wardrobe with oval-bevelled mirror in door, and large drawer; 3ft. 6in. Dressing Table; 3ft. 6in. Washstand with marble-top and tiled back, and 2 chairs.

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Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

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Hours—9 till 7 Saturdays—9 till 1.

Food or Poison

Uncle Cheeriboy gives sound advice.

Stomach Troubles that convert the Food you Eat into Deadly Poisons

SOME stomachs will convert the best and most wholesome food into dangerous and deadly poisons. Weak digestions and weaker assimilations are the chief causes of this. Your food, instead of being digested and transformed into healthy flesh, tissue, bone and blood, remains undigested in the stomach or intestines, and here it ferments and noxious poisonous gases are automatically generated. Just as a stagnant pool fosters and spreads malaria and other malignant diseases, so a sluggish stomach or liver poisons the whole system.

Do you suffer from stomach trouble? Are you prone to bilious attacks? Is there belching or pains shortly after eating? Is the tongue foul or "furry in the morning"? Are you constipated? Have you heartburn, nausea, sick headaches, or sour eructations in the mouth? Any or all of these indicate indigestion in one or other of its many forms. Such symptoms are the most positive evidence that your food is not merely failing to nourish, strengthen and sustain you, but that it is actually being converted into poison in your own system.

Is such your lot? If so do not despair, but give Page Woodcock's Pills a fair trial. They are an old and proven remedy for all stomach troubles. Try a box to-day.

PAGE WOODCOCK'S PILLS THE CURE FOR STOMACH ILLS.

These are just a few of many Testimonials from Grateful Patients.

INDIGESTION.

Mrs. MASON writes:—"I speak from a twenty years' experience of Page Woodcock's Pills, and I tell you plainly that there cannot be a better remedy.

"I suffered most severely from chronic indigestion and dyspepsia, and for a year underwent great pain.

"I have reason to be thankful for Page Woodcock's Pills, for from the first they have kept me free from the attacks."

CONSTIPATION.

Mr. HODGE writes:—"About three years ago I suffered terribly from Constipation. At a lucky moment I decided on Page Woodcock's Pills.

"From their use I detected an improvement from the first, and so persevered with the treatment—in the end they completely cured me.

"You are very welcome to my experience of this valuable remedy, and I trust its publication will lead others to adopt the same cure."

DEBILITY.

Mr. DRISCOLL writes:—"As a soldier in South Africa my health completely broke down owing to strain and privations.

"Things were certainly at their worst when I began to take Page Woodcock's Pills. They subdued and took every token of my complaint clean away. My stomach got strong again, kept its food and digested it."

Page Woodcock's Pills

"Have cured millions—will cure you."

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, IN 1/3 and 3/- BOXES.

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LEAD BELTING

WITHOUT OXIDATION.

The ONLY AUTOMATIC HEAT CONTROLLED MELTING FURNACE (Halls Patents) for lead, tin, antimony, type and all other soft metals.

MONOMETER FURNACES,

ASTON. *Sole Makers and Patentees.* **BIRMINGHAM.**

If you have RHEUMATISM

LUMBAGO, CHILBLAINS, SORE THROAT

INSTANT RELIEF.

Of all Chemists 1/3 & 3/- a jar, or direct from Hirst, Brooke & Hirst, Ltd., LEEDS.

RUB WITH SMEDLEY'S PASTE

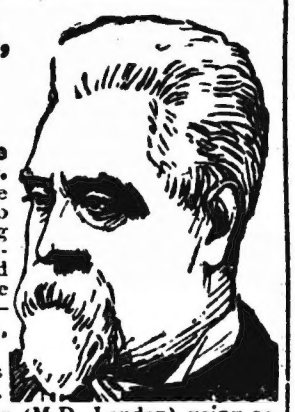
CATARRH DEAFNESS, EAR NOISES.

Quick and Easy Home Cure.

Send to-day for Sir Hiram Maxim's Home Doctor Book, and learn the secret. It is free.

No need to continue suffering. Sir Hiram Maxim, the great inventor and scientist, who has done so much to help our brave soldiers in the fighting line, has invented a remarkable appliance for home treatment, and repeated tests prove conclusively that it will cure in a very short time most cases of:—**Catarrh. Deafness, Ear Noises, Bronchitis and Asthma.**

LEGION OF HONOUR FROM THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT



Especially useful in chronic cases and where all other means have failed.

Thousands already cured, one Doctor (M.D. London) going so far as to say that the immediate relief obtained is almost magical.

Sufferers should lose no time in acquainting themselves with the discovery. A book called the "Home Doctor," teeming with useful information, and also further particulars will be sent gratis and post free to all who ask for it and send their names and addresses (a post-card will do) to:—

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"PECKO" POULTRY MIXTURE
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POULTRY MEALS AND "LAON"
Scalded and served crumbly moist for the warm evening meal.
Samples and Booklet free from the Old Calabar Biscuit Co., Liverpool.

Classic Episodes—No. 1.
Over the Top.
Among the many incidents of the war destined to thrill posterity as Classic Episodes, this is one of the occasions in which CLASSIC CIGARETTES play a part.

Exceptionally fine Pictures on Silk in each packet and box.

MURATTI
"CLASSIC"
CIGARETTES
10 for 4d.

are of carefully selected American Virginia Tobacco —a most unusual feature in a 10-for-4d. Cigarette.

On Sale Everywhere.

100 - - -	3/4
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Made by MURATTI'S, famous throughout the world for Ariston and Neb-ka Turkish Cigarettes.

"Like a breeze in the mouth."

Gibbs's Dentifrice

Make it a habit

Use Gibbs' Dentifrice each morning and evening! This is the habit that ensures your teeth being kept beautifully white, polished, and free from decay; and your mouth having that delightfully refreshed "clean" feeling characteristic of Gibbs'.

Price 6d. and 1s. of all Chemists.

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of Shaving Soap, Dentifrice and Cold Cream on receipt of 2d. in stamps.
D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Dept. 13M), Cold Cream Soap Works, LONDON, E.1.
Established 1712.

SELFRIDGE'S "Vertex" Collars
are still sold at their original pre-war prices.

Quarter sizes in 55 characteristic shapes. Quality for Quality they are the finest collar value in London. Let us send you a sample collar in your usual shape— post free.

PER DOZ. 6/-
(Sample Collar 6d.)

SELFRIDGE'S,
OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

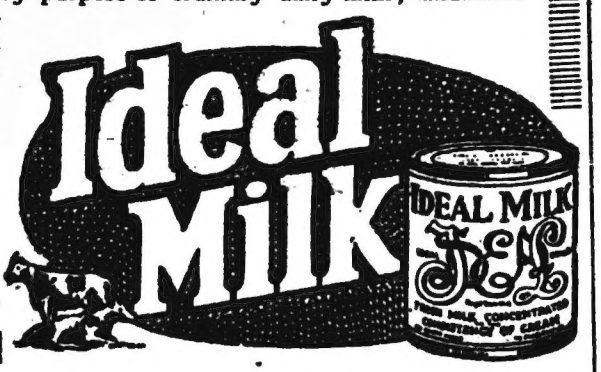
THE EVERYDAY MILK

In IDEAL MILK you have milk you can *depend upon—always.* You can depend upon it for Purity and Freshness —for the full nutriment that milk *should* yield you. Use diluted for every purpose of ordinary dairy milk; undiluted for every purpose of fresh cream except

IT WON'T WHIP.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores.

Cash price 3d. *and* 4½d. *per tin.*



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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXI. No. 563. Week ending Saturday, March 17th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

A Blunder.

Surely it was an error of judgment on the part of Mr. Lloyd George to "give a day" for that Home Rule debate. And Mr. Redmond was undoubtedly right when he said that Germany would read the proceedings with exultation.

A Suggestion.

Here is *our* suggestion for a compromise. Will both sides agree that if Home Rule is granted at once Ireland shall have Conscription? Come, Sir Edward and Mr. Redmond—there's a basis of negotiation for you!

Easter's Coming.

Meanwhile the Sinn Feiners are active and plots are in the making. Now then, Mr. Duke, don't *you* be caught napping!

An Artful Bill.

Is there any truth in the rumour that that little Indemnity Bill now before Parliament is really designed for the purpose of relieving a wealthy M.P. from penalties for which he is being sued, for sitting and voting whilst being interested in a contract with the Government?

A Broad Bishop.

We are gradually converting the Church. Listen to this, from the Bishop of Birmingham: "The man who had died for England, believing that his country's cause was the cause of God, and who might have gone over the parapet with an oath on his lips, might still be received by Christ with the words, 'Well done! thou good and faithful servant.'" Bravo, Bishop!

Bonus (or Premium) Bonds.

There is no question that they are coming; and it is wonderful to see how people, under the pressure of war necessity, are moulding their consciences to the idea. But some of the newspapers—the *Birmingham Gazette* amongst them—still need educating.

War Savings Certificates.

Meanwhile, here is an idea: Why not have monthly, or even weekly, drawings of these Certificates, for payment off at par—that is to say, £1 each? They would go like hot cakes.

At Last.

It has taken a long, long time, but we have got that "Enemy Princes (Deprivation of Titles and Dignities) Bill" at last; which means that a not very willing Government have decided to bring those scoundrelly royal traitors, the Duke of Albany and the Duke of Cumberland, to a proper appreciation of patriotic British sentiment. Never, let us hope, will they set foot in this country again.

Simple Faith.

There was surely something pathetic in Mrs. Asquith's recent reference to the time when "my husband returns to his official residence at Downing Street." It is now Mrs. McKenna's turn to speak.

That Roberts Letter.

We understand that several churches and chapels are still exhibiting posters in connection with the "National Mission of Repentance and Hope," quoting that letter about the necessity for "a nation on its knees," which Lord Roberts never wrote. Isn't it time these placards were called in?

Praise from the Parsons.

"Will you allow an aged cleric, now in his 80th year, to congratulate you on the good and patriotic work in which you are engaged, and to say how much he enjoys his weekly JOHN BULL?" Thus writes the Rev. D. Smith, for 32 years Rector of Sandiacre. A Grand Old Man.

Those Lawyers.

Apropos of our recent poster "Lamp-posts for Lawyers," an eminent politician writes: "I presume this is a graceful and tactful compliment to the Colonial members of the Imperial Conference, of whom 85 per cent. are lawyers." It is the old story—children *will* copy the bad example of their parents!

The Angelus.

From all parts of the country we hear of the ringing of this call to silent prayer for the boys at the Front and those bereaved in the war. But what about London and the other big cities? Surely we could have the bell everywhere for a few minutes at sunset—quite apart from its morning and noon ringing in Catholic churches?

National Service.

When is the present ridiculous fooling over this question to stop? Let Mr. Neville Chamberlain say in plain words exactly what he wants—and he will get it. But we must have something in the nature of a new moratorium—otherwise business men who respond to the call will be walking straight to the Bankruptcy Court.

Next Sunday.

Will London readers note that we have arranged to speak at Mr. George Robey's Special Concert at the Alhambra on Sunday evening next, at 7 o'clock, in aid of the funds of the Motor Transport Volunteers? Everybody who *is* anybody will be there—including Mr. Robey himself. Seats in advance can be booked at the Alhambra box office, or the National Sunday League offices, 34, Red Lion Square, W.C., or by telephone.

A Handsome Gift Book given free to every reader of "Everywoman's."

New Spelling.

A correspondent suggests that the word "profiteers" would be more correctly spelled "profit-tears."

Our "Salvation" Army.

Speaking at Llangollen the other day, Archdeacon Wakeford said, "We needed the great war to save us from utter damnation." Our new Salvation army.

A Narrow Squeak.

The worthy Archdeacon is also of the opinion that "if the war had ended in the first six months with sweeping victories for ourselves on land and sea, we should have become the rottenest nation the world has ever known." We are inclined to agree, for our success would have been achieved under the auspices of Party Government, and would thus have given the "old gang" a fresh lease of life.

Posers for Pacifists.

A clerical correspondent suggests that some M.P. should address these questions to Messrs. Snowden, Ponsonby, Trevelyan, and Co.: "Have you done anything for your country? If so, what? Have you any relations in the Navy or Army?" These are interesting questions, and the answers would be more interesting still.

How Not To Do It.

The potato shortage has not surprised us in the least; it was asked for. The Government demanded a saving of spuds, and the growers—with exemplary patriotism—are saving them—until next month, when they will get £1 per ton more. Would there have been any shortage if the maximum prices for the two months had been reversed?

A True Word.

Passing through St. James's Park the other day, we overheard a conversation between two men who were looking at the new official buildings which are rapidly covering the space once occupied by the ornamental water. Said one, "Doesn't look as if the war will be finished this year, does it?" "My boy," replied the other, "these will be wanted after. It always takes longer to clear up a mess than to make one." Wise chap, that.

Women and Labour Bureaux.

A would-be woman-worker complains that she, like many others, can get no work to do. Her husband, volunteering for National Service, says the officials take it as a joke. He was referred to an office to say what he could do—and was the only applicant. "Let the Government," says the lady, "know that they ought to mobolise every fit woman who is free-handed. None should be idle, unless with children to attend to. But Labour Bureaux are no use in this connection." We have heard that remark before.

Why That Joke?

And why make volunteering a joke when it is a serious matter? Lord Rhondda is surely well occupied, or ought to be, as President of the Local Government Board. Yet he has enlisted.

With Sharp Severity.

At Heanor, before four Magistrates, appeared a boy of 15, a hammer-driver. He earned 22s. a week, and was the mainstay of the home, so his mother tearfully said. There are three other children, and the father—an old soldier—having been wounded, is now on substitution work. The boy had stolen two articles from clothes hanging in the entrance to a chapel; it was said he had no right to be there, but the doors were open to all. We do not defend the theft; neither do we defend the Magistrates—who sent the boy to gaol for one month. Only 15, his first offence, the mainstay of a home—and gaol!

An "Amazing" Story.

A popular Parisian weekly prints a story of a Boche commercial traveller who, to obtain an order from an Alsatian manufacturer, offered to secure the release of the man's nephew, then a prisoner of war in Prussia. The order was given, and in due course the nephew returned home *via* Switzerland. Our contemporary considers it surprising that Germans should go to such a length to secure trade. To our mind the only surprising point in the story is that the Hun kept his word.

The Puzzling Parallel.

"Mr. McKenna, who . . . is the best of the batch, may perhaps re-emerge. His appearance on the same platform with his particular friend and admirer, Mr. Lloyd George, in the City on Thursday, was a welcome sign."—*Weekly Dispatch*, Jan. 14th, 1917.

"Probably no member of the Coalition Government felt his fate more keenly at first than M'Kenna. . . . He had never liked Lloyd George, and Lloyd George had never liked him."—*The Umpire*, Jan. 14th, 1917.

Who shall decide when gossips disagree?

Those Happy Huns.

Football, hockey, skittles, and a slap-up cinema-show are among the regular amusements of Germhun prisoners of war at the Alexandra Palace. Indeed, a correspondent, with excellent opportunities of judging, goes so far as to assert that the interned Huns "are getting much better treatment than British soldiers, both in matters of recreation and food." So that whatever failings we may possess, no one will ever be able to say that in the greatest war in history we were not polite to our foes.

A Twopenny Affair.

The London United Tramways are a flourishing concern and not short of twopence. There was, however, a time when to be *minus* that amount was a worry to them. A disabled Australian soldier, having mounted a car at Ealing, found he had no penny for his fare, so he asked the conductress to trust him. But he had to satisfy the police before being permitted to walk home. Then he got a letter from the L. U. T., asking him to "forward by return the sum of 2d., being 1d. for the fare and 1d. to cover postage." The gallant Cornstalk, having paid up, is now, like the parrot, thinking hard.

At the Abbey.

"I was very pleased," says one of our readers, "to see you last Sunday morning in Westminster Abbey, at the morning service, but really I think you should have chosen a better seat (with due respect to your modesty) than perched on the rack of the prayer-books, etc., on a little pedestal all to yourself." As, however, we were 500 miles away from Westminster on that day, we put it down to a case of mistaken identity—until we came to the postscript: "I really mean a copy of John Bull, so you see how some of your male readers improve the shining hour by taking you to church with them." Doubtless the clergy had been studying us prior to the service.

A Libellous Lapse.

The Old Lady of Bouverie Street—meaning, of course, our engaging contemporary, the *Daily News*—has again been taking the high moral line, so much so indeed that it is difficult to read its lucubrations without being violently sick. The terrible "drink evil" is still the principal bee in the Old Lady's bonnet, and, in pursuance of her pet fad, she does not scruple to spit insults in the faces of our brave Dominion troops. "It is common knowledge," we are told, "that the Overseas troops, and more particularly the Australians, contribute far more than their proportionate share to the drink and vice evil in London." This is the kind of thing that would take the heart out of Ananias, if he were still alive.

Be wise now. Sign our Free War Insurance Coupon on page iii. of Cover.

The Artful Chinee.

The entry of China into the war on the side of the Allies is stated to be only a question of settling her reward. In other words, John Chinaman doesn't want to "come in" until he is sure how he will "come out."

A Picturesque Possibility.

There is no possible probable shadow of doubt that the Law of Scotland is fearfully and wonderfully made. For instance, in the Court of Session at Edinburgh three Judges recently refused permission for the "disentail" of an estate, on the ground that the next heiress—an old lady of 80—"could not by any legal presumption be held to be beyond the possibility of child-bearing." Our giddy aunt!

The Reason Why.

We have received, in reply to our recent question as to the reason for the collection in the Primrose Club to provide wounded soldiers' rations, the information that the sum thus raised goes to augment the food allowances of the men, as well as to provide little luxuries to "tempt sick appetites." Our answer is that such a matter should not be left to private charity. It is the nation's business.

The Man Behind the Gun.

In the matter of those guns for merchant vessels, we are reminded of the truth that what counts is not only the gun, but also the man behind it. And we shudder when we hear of a "gunlayer," sent to a ship at Tilbury, who had "never as much as stood on a 6 in. gun platform, let alone fired one." And of another gunlayer who "has never fired a rifle, much less a gun." All we hope is that such accusations are not founded on fact, although details and names are supplied to us.

Too Soon.

Special Constables will not accuse us of any antagonism to their interests; we have always tried to express our admiration of their fine work. But we hope it is not true—it is said to have "been in Staff Orders"—that Specials are to receive a Long Service medal. Until men who have served at the front since 1914 receive their medal (and that time is not yet) it would be wrongful in the extreme to decorate the Constables at home. Good fellows as they are, we feel they would be the first to deprecate coming before Tommy.

Oxford City.

The City Tribunal at Oxford has probably come under as much local criticism as any in the country—if not more. It appears to be not undeserved. Married men with businesses must shut up shop and go. Bank clerks by the dozen can secure six months' exemption for the asking. A 'busman, single, can receive time because, the Chairman observes, "We don't all have motors." Bursary clerks are especially favoured. In fact, the system seems to be to send parents and shopkeepers, and to spread the wing of safety over any man whose place could be taken by a woman or an older man.

Another Leg-Pulling Story.

Let us tell Mr. Neville Chamberlain a story with which he ought to be able to amuse his friends after dinner: "Two girls (one my sister) went to the Labour Exchange, Old Street, Shoreditch. They were sent to 578, Fulham Road, which was supposed to be another Exchange, but when they got there the place was a Mission—the Labour Exchange had moved away two years ago. They then went back to Shoreditch and related their story. After getting the right address of the Exchange they applied there, and then discovered that the job they had been sent after had been filled for three weeks." Given the right dramatist, there are things in this war which would make the most ludicrous farce ever produced on any stage.

Trop de Fleurs.

Accepting what we read in a Boulogne paper, *Le Telegramme*, wagon-loads of flowers from Nice are arriving at Boulogne—while for months wagons are refused for perishable foodstuffs at Calais, only 38 kilometres distant. "*Sans commentaires*," says *Le Telegramme*, and indeed the facts as stated speak for themselves.

Oh, Those Wrappers!

"This Package Weighs Including Wrapper Quarter Pound." It is a familiar quotation from many labels on packets of tea—at 2s. 4d. a lb. too! We need not specify any particular firm, for they nearly all do it. The sample sent by an angry reader contains labels, leaded paper, then paper, and thicker wrapper, altogether a by no means light combination of "wrappers." "Is it expected," asks the sender, "that the purchaser of tea should boil the wrapper also?" Is it not time packet tea was sold by net weight, so that the buyer knows exactly how much he is getting?

A "Peculiar" Sentence.

A Glasgow dealer, charged with assaulting a rivetter, was mulcted in a "modified penalty" of £1, "in view of the very peculiar circumstances of the case." It seems that the dealer's wife had been assaulted by the rivetter, and the husband, catching the assailant in the act, had punished him as he richly deserved. For this manly behaviour he was branded as a criminal, and fined a sovereign. Presumably, if he had stood by like a skunk and allowed the bully to bash his wife's face in, he would have won the chaste approval of the Greenock Sheriff Court.

The Food Shortage.

In Rangoon they know all about rice, and, well—rice is rice, especially when wheat is scarce. Therefore, the *Rangoon Gazette* reminds us that "wheat is not the only edible cereal in the Empire's markets," and goes on to point out "the marvellous adaptability of rice to almost every style of cooking"—including the making of bread from a mixture of rice and wheat. "The first thing," insists our helpful contemporary, "is to persuade the British Government that here in Burma, ready for shipment, lies a British solution of the food question." Perhaps the B.G. will think it over.

Woman's Work and Wage.

A strong young woman of 25, used to farm work, offered her services to the National Land Council. This is the job she was invited to accept:—"Milking, dairy, care of live-stock, driving, poultry, field work, and ploughing. Farm, 130 acres; 30 cows, 11 horses, 40 pigs, 50 poultry." Big figures, those! These, however, are smaller:—"Wages 6s. per week, living in." She thinks it is work, not for a woman, but an elephant; and, willing as she is, the wages are a sufficient deterrent. Such "wages" are sometimes offered just to show how impossible it is to get a woman to fill a man's place, and to use as evidence when appealing before the Tribunal.

"Education—and Condescension."

Reading in a daily paper that the Willesden Education Committee had, by a small majority, agreed to give leave of absence in case of invasion to a teacher who is also an officer in the Volunteers, we commented that, "Even if they didn't give him leave, he is under solemn contract to take it." In a courteous communication from Willesden's Chief Education Officer, we are informed that the leave given was for the officer-teacher to undertake certain duties in connection with national defence—in addition, of course, to his present obligations. Therefore, the Committee acted quite properly, and the daily paper's mis-reporter deserves a wigging.

"A friend in your pocket"—the "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, page 15.

THE TRAITOR'S HAND.

TREASON CAN UNDO ALL THAT VALOUR ACHIEVES BY SACRIFICE.

By A. G. Hales.

THE time has come for the British nation to tear the gloves off in regard to the enemy within our gates. The day is far spent for fencing according to the rules of the schools; we want the buttons off the foils, and, as far as I am concerned, they are coming off now. Nothing worth having is ever gained by mealy-mouthed pleading and beseeching—the rugged truth pays, and only the truth. And this is the truth in regard to Germans in our midst: There are something like twenty-five thousand enemy subjects at large at this hour among us, close upon six thousand of whom are men of military age, and it is safe to assume that nine-tenths of those young men are disciplined soldiers, trained to arms in the Fatherland. They are, by virtue of their blood and breeding, enemies of ours—why are they at liberty? Who is responsible for their freedom now, when we have been at war for nearly three years? There is—there must be—some man, some coterie of men, belonging to our country who love the enemy more than they love their own people; otherwise that horde of potential spies would not have the free range of our shores. Let us not mince phrases—there must be traitors in this realm who are willing that our country should run the gravest risks that unlimited espionage can produce, and those traitors must be men of influence and power—no ordinary men, no mere hangers-on of great men, could shield this army of potential spies. I could not do it if I would; you could not do it if you had the desire—only persons who know the secret levers of the machine of State could bring about such a deplorable, such a scandalous state of affairs.

What Espionage Has Done.

We have had splendid ships of war sunk at their moorings close to our coasts. How did the enemy know to a mathematical certainty just where those men-o'-war were lying? Did spies amongst the horde of Germans roaming our country obtain that information and send the news by means of wireless telegraphy apparatus, secretly installed in England? I know this: that the greatest of living wireless experts has given it as his well-digested opinion that not one but many wireless plants might easily be hidden in Britain by spies who had freedom to come and go at will. By what channel of reason can the authorities explain why we should have been exposed to any such risk, even in the early days of the war; why should we run any such risk now? Our Grand Fleet, our cruiser squadron and our destroyers must often be close to our coasts. What is to prevent a spy, having wireless apparatus hidden away, from sending news of our ships' movements to the enemy? I have often stood upon our seashore and watched warships patrolling; if I had been a spy, I could have worked incalculable mischief—who is to say with certainty that spies are not doing it? How has it happened that each time the Germans have tried a raid on our coasts they have slipped in where no ships of war of ours were on guard to give them a warm welcome? These things have happened too often to be the work of mere chance; I consider it almost a certainty that some of the Germans now at liberty here "wirelessed" the needful information to German naval bases like Zeebrugge. What right has anyone to take chances of this kind? The lives of our sailors are not counters in a gambler's kit, to be thrown away. We want the spies and the potential spies under restraint, and we want the greater offenders, the British men who for nearly three years have shielded them, haled forth into the light of day. I firmly believe that Mr. Lloyd George only wants an emphatic expression of public opinion upon this point to prompt him to take drastic steps. Why not a giant public meeting under Nelson's monument, and a march *en masse* to the Premier, to let him see and feel that the nation will stand behind him in any action he may take, no matter how far-reaching such action may be?

Why We Should Act Now.

Every day our food supply is decreasing. Are spies at work "wirelessing" news of our mercantile shipping to the foe? We may be sure that some of those free Germans in our midst are shipping experts, and know where to look for news of food vessels that may be making their way to our ports. Are we to sit still until such time as our foodstuffs run short, and so leave the door wide open for those devilish creatures in our midst who are ready to meet the Hun half-way by stirring up an agitation for an inconclusive peace? That is what the "Hidden Hand" has been pulling strings for so long; that is why, in press and on platform, the "Hidden Hand" has so many friends. We've got to win this war right out—win it so decisively that every atom of German power passes into the melting-pot of retribution—or we fight Germany again single-handed and alone to a dead finish within ten years. We will never win whilst spies have the freedom of our land; we are spiking our own guns when we close our eyes to this peril. The man who says it is not a real peril is a congenital idiot or a friend of the foe. I do not want to throw stones at Mr. Asquith—let the past rest in peace as far as we can—but this must be laid at his door: he should have interned the German element in our midst within three months of the declaration of war. Had he done so, innocent men now under the ban of suspicion would have been saved many months of cruel and unnecessary torment. Mr. Asquith was weak, and weakness in war-time is a curse that has no limits. The weak leader breeds the extremist; and the extremist hits every head he sees—and very often in his Mad Mullah frenzy hurts men who have been of priceless value to the State. I ask for nothing of that kind from the present Premier; he has imagination, and he has genius and courage. Let him be true to himself and to the nation; let him hold the balance level, yielding nothing to mere popular clamour, withholding nothing from justice. There has been too much shuffling of the political pack in the past; the nation demands a fair deal, and no cards from the bottom.

The Madness of Delay.

The day of big actions in the open cannot now be far off, and we want no spies creeping into our secret departments finding out things of value to the enemy—we do not want to lose another Commander-in-Chief by treachery—and unless my instincts are wrong it *was* treachery that cost us our first great warrior. God gave us Kitchener in our hour of need, and a Judas sent him to his doom. Do not argue that these things can't be; in the grim lexicon of war there is no such word as "can't." Get rid of the traitors and sweep up the Germans now at large; it may be hard on some who are decent men, but war is a hard game, and we must play it up to the hilt and win right out. No other country in the world lets enemy subjects run loose by the thousand. We owe it to our fighters to protect them from traitors and from spies; if we will not do this for them, are we worthy of the sacrifices they have made and are making for us?

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P.

Dear Premier,—In regard to the British titles and dignities of enemy peers and princes, there is happily no reason to fear that anything has been done with such reckless haste as to dislocate the constitutional machine, and even now there seems to be no effective guarantee that the degradation of the traitor princelings will be immediately achieved. Why on earth you should have thought it necessary to establish a special committee of the Privy Council to inquire into and report upon facts that already constitute a howling scandal, I cannot pretend to say. It is this kind of thing that tires the patience of plain men. *You* should have known better.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, M.P.

Dear Mr. McKenna,—Only the other day your immediate successor at the Home Office was ridiculing the idea of the "Hidden Hand." Can *you* wonder at the deep public suspicion when, for months after the outbreak of war, Carl Stielow—the London correspondent of the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger*—was allowed his liberty in the Metropolis? He is writing once more in his newspaper, and I was reading the other day his grossly exaggerated description of the effect upon us of one of the early Zeppelin raids—"a throbbing wild chaos of aimless confusion; wildly agitated groups of human beings; the hoarse voices of men; women in tearful anguish," etc. What was Stielow doing in London on that October night, with his wife and daughter? Fancy a British correspondent in Berlin being at liberty. The "Hidden Hand" offers the only answer.

John Bull.

To Major William Redmond, M.P.

Dear "Willie,"—Whatever may be said upon the merits of the Home Rule controversy, your speech in the course of the recent Irish debate was one of the finest ever heard in the House of Commons. As you so eloquently said, the time has surely come when in regard to the vexed problem of Irish government we should "let the dead past bury its dead," and strive for the inauguration of "a brighter, newer, friendlier era between the two countries." With all my heart I endorse this sane and lofty plea, and I pray that the British Government may be inspired with courage and wisdom at this critical stage in Ireland's tragic history.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Liverpool.

My Dear Lord Mayor,—Permit me to offer to you my congratulations on the sacrificial menu which I perceive you have adopted as an example to a somewhat perverse populace. At a time when we are all adjured to excel in the production of potatoes even at the sacrifice of the very stones in the back-yard, in order that we may be filled, your Lordship publicly takes the pledge to abstain from potatoes at Town Hall "functions," as well as in the privacy of your happy home. Now that your Lordship has carried potatototalism into the high magistracy of Liverpool, I shall take an early opportunity of suggesting to the Lord Mayor of London that he shall pledge himself and the City Corporation to eat no more meat and banish turtle soup; this will be a great encouragement to those who are utterly unable to afford either.

John Bull.

To Walter Priestman, Esq., Magistrate, Birmingham.

Dear Beak,—What a sweetly sympathetic soul is yours—when a Conscientious Objector is concerned. An Object, charged as an absentee, offered this characteristically absurd defence:—"As I am not an absentee by consent, I cannot be a soldier in fact; and, as I am not a soldier in fact, I cannot be an absentee." That illogical rot appealed to you; you "probably agreed with the prisoner's views." Your duties as a Magistrate were "largely of an administrative character"—that is, all you had to do was to administer the law. But you declined. You "thought your best course was to retire from the Bench." *Can't you make it permanent?*

John Bull.

To the Rev. T. C. Williams, M.A., Menai Bridge, Anglesea.

Rev. Sir,—Since the commencement of this war many pulpits and platforms have had their sermons on the blessedness of the peacemakers as the "children of God." In general, the preachers have been Conscientious Objectors or pro-Germhuns—pulpiteers, for instance, like the Rev. von Philip Schnowdenstein and the Kaiser. Your idea of the text in the published sermon you preached at the City Temple appeals to me with a truer and nobler note; that the true peacemakers of to-day are the fighters—the men living and dying in the trenches and on the great waters, under the banners of Humanity, Civilisation, and Justice, which are in truth the banners of God. You can see no reason why the Prime Minister should not be elected President of the Peace Society; nor do I. As a pacifist, he is what the man in the street calls "absolutely it." He is blessed as a peacemaker because he is doing his utmost to get on with the war. The more we get on with the war, the sooner shall we win the peace. That's the idea; let us all bend our minds to it in unity, strength, patience, and fidelity to the ideals which uplift our cause to the stars. Congratulations on your helpful words in season.

John Bull.

To John Williams, Esq., J.P., Tinplate Manufacturer, Swansea.

Sir,—I am in some doubt about your being an esquire, and I don't know whether you are now a J.P.; but I am dead certain you ought not to be "an active member of a Nonconformist Church and a communicant," as you were described at Cardiff when charged the other day with falsifying your Income Tax returns and fined £4,000 for the same. Robbing the country in time of war isn't playing the game; in saying which pray understand that I have no desire to deprive you of whatever consolation you may find in the knowledge that you have "hitherto borne an irreproachable character." That is a responsibility which certainly takes the most pious of us a great deal of living up to; in such cases, when we fall, we fall with a reverberating thud. I have only one word of advice to give you for the future, sir; always fill up your Income Tax return with the patriotic enthusiasm of a Conscientious Objector.

John Bull.

To the Rev. Arthur J. King, Holy Trinity Vicarage, Winchmore Hill.

Reverend Sir,—In the placid pages of your Parish Magazine I have read your Letter. I note with interest that you would "have liked, earlier in the war, to have been among those who volunteered for a temporary chaplaincy in the forces." But you were not among them. And now, when the bishops are recommending National Service to the clergy, to you it "seems quite plainly your duty to remain trying to do your ordinary work." These are matters you must reconcile with your own conscience; I prefer not to remark upon them. But I do object to your expression that "it would not have been right" for you to "go off to what is doubtless the specially attractive and more showy work." That is an unworthy tilt and gibe at many devoted army chaplains who went simply to do what they knew was their duty. It ill becomes you, staying at home, to speak of them in so unkind and loose a manner.

John Bull.

To G. Bernard Shaw, Esq.

Dear Shaw,—I see that you have blundered into print again—this time with a series of articles purporting to describe your visit to the British Front. Why you, of all persons, should ever have received official permission to inspect the British lines is a mystery passing comprehension; but that by the way. My main purpose is to insist that until you have publicly recanted your unpatriotic heresies, and especially your offensive assumption that in regard to moral responsibility for the war the Allies are equally guilty with the Huns, you have no right to be seen or heard in the company of patriotic citizens. For these reasons I am more than surprised that you should have enjoyed the hospitality of any decent newspaper.

John Bull.

A CRUEL SCANDAL.

BROKEN IN THE ARMY AND THROWN ON ONE SIDE.

By Charles Palmer.

THOSE of us who are determined to fight for the rights of the soldier and sailor and their dependents until full justice is done them, naturally seek to concentrate public opinion upon the defects and not upon the merits of the new scheme put forward by the Pensions Ministry. Men who have fought and suffered, widows and orphans who have lost the breadwinners through the cruel scythe of the Great Reaper, have rights—and those rights they must demand in full measure from the State. There must, and shall be, no Charity. Under the latest scheme of the Government, fuller justice is to be done in many cases, and cruel scandals such as disgraced us as a nation in the years following previous wars will to a large extent be impossible. But while agitation has done much, there are still certain kinds of cases which call for right and for justice.

A Grateful Country.

This is agreed by everyone—that the man who has fought the foe and has been wounded or disabled or has permanently suffered in health, must be generously treated. And, of course, the widow and the children must never be able to use the word "ingratitude" because Governments misrepresent the feelings and the sympathies of a grateful country. But what of the man who has not fought—the man who, either as a volunteer or as a conscript, was passed as medically fit and yet who, as a result of the rigors of training for which he was quite unfitted, has been converted into a physical wreck, unable to follow his old employment, and in some cases quite incapable of earning anything like a decent living? Thousands of such men have been thrown back into civil life. Their position is grievous; they demand something more than sympathy and a solatium—a few pounds at the best; they have a right to pensions from the State whose servants are responsible for their deplorable condition. It may be true, as the Government contend, that some of these men enlisted with a full knowledge of their physical unfitness. But it is equally true that a far larger percentage of these men who are now to be flung aside because they are no use to the fighting forces of the Crown are suffering grievously, and their families are suffering through no fault of their own. Read the reports of the Military Tribunals; note the constant scandal of men being forced to join the ranks in spite of the most appalling physical defects, and you will understand how cruel and shameful it will be if such men, broken and maimed just as surely as if they suffered from the shot and shell of the enemy, are allowed to eke out a miserable existence without a pension from the State, and their families are permitted to suffer hunger and want. According to Mr. Barnes, the Pensions Minister, there are 100,000 such men already—a lower estimate is 60,000. But, whatever the number may be, they have a right to fair treatment. I was amazed to hear Mr. Barnes state with warmth, in Parliament the other day, that those men would not get pensions if he could help it—"*they will not get them while I am in office.*" Well, if Mr. Barnes is the obstacle, the sooner the obstacle is removed the better. No Minister, least of all one drawn from the ranks of labour, has a right to take up an attitude of angry antagonism to so just and proper a demand. There would certainly be a general outcry if nothing at all were done for these unfortunate victims of War Office methods. The Pensions Minister realises that, and so he offers, in his own words, to "assume some responsibility" for these physical wrecks. "The great bulk of them will get nothing like" the £100 which is to be offered in exceptional cases. "They will be disposed of by a gratuity of a small amount." Do you notice that phrase "disposed of"? Now I say it is infamous that these men should be "disposed of," and if Parliament will only reflect the true feeling of the nation we shall much more speedily "dispose of" unsympathetic and hard-hearted Ministers than we shall permit the authorities to "dispose of" the obligations of the State to men and their families who have suffered at the hands of the State.

Justice for the Broken.

It is quite possible that there are some cases which deserve much less consideration than others. If it be true, as Mr. Barnes declares, that "some of them concealed their ailments on being passed into the Army"—after all, only an excess of zeal in their desire to do their bit—it is not beyond the wit of the Government to deal with them accordingly, and that a small gratuity might meet the demands of justice. But there are the others. There are the men—thousands of them—who, in spite of protests and in many cases of medical testimony, have been forced to give up their livelihoods and compelled to enter the Army. It may be true that "thousands of them did not do more than two or three days' service in the Army," and that "a great many of them were in hospital for the greater part of the time they spent in the Army." Whose fault is that? Not their own; not the fault of their wives and families. Yet they are to be made to suffer because of a system which thought fit to enlist the maimed, the halt, and the blind. What would be thought, asks the Pensions Minister, by the man who comes back after the war who has been three or four years at the front, "weakened in health thereby *but who is not entitled to a pension,*" if he finds a man who has been only two or three days or a month in the Army better treated than he? Well, of course, the first answer is that the man who comes back from the war weakened in health *will* be entitled to a pension, and he will get it—make no doubt about that. And if I know anything about the spirit of our fighting men, they will not, provided their rights—"rights" is the proper word—are generously met, have any fault to find because other men who were physically unable to bear the strain are regarded as fit subjects for the sympathy and assistance of the State.

Let it be £50,000,000.

According to the present estimate, the new scale of pensions will cost the country £15,000,000 a year—less than the cost of three days' war. Let it be £50,000,000 rather than that the British people should once more be branded with the searing mark of ingratitude. Is it not obvious that there should be a dual system of gratuities and pensions for this class of man? Those who have suffered but little might receive the gratuity. But the far larger number who, through no fault of their own, have been physically wrecked through joining the Army, should be given the pensions which are theirs by right. The man back from the war will be the first to insist on justice and generosity to those who have suffered grievously by reason of the war. Any Minister or any Government which hopes to pit the soldier against the man who has been broken under the defects of our system of medical inspection is very much mistaken. It is the soldier who will be the first to fight for justice for his weaker brother.

ANOTHER SMASH-UP.

[*Drawn by Frank Holland after Captain Bruce Bairnsfather.*

"'ERB" ASQUITH:—"THERE GOES OUR BLINKIN' PARAPET AGAIN!"

THE BULLY IN KHAKI.

SUCCESS OF OUR EFFORTS—A STRANGE MISAPPREHENSION.

Our object in publishing an article on the bullying that goes on in certain battalions has already been achieved. From the letters which have reached us it is evident that the remarks of our contributor, Mr. Charles Palmer, have attracted wide attention, and we have received information that in more than one instance a check has been placed on the harsh methods of certain non-commissioned officers. Numerous further instances of bullying have also been brought to our notice. But for the moment, at any rate, we do not propose to give particulars. The article was necessarily general in its terms, but at the same time it recognised that the charge of bullying was not one that could be made broadcast. In many battalions and training corps the very best feeling prevails, and having due regard to the demands of discipline, no allegations of harshness could be, or have been, made. We have also received letters in which exception is taken to the remark that the wastrel, "the rough and the tough" were to be found in the Old Army. It need, we trust, hardly be said that no reflection was intended—nor indeed was cast—upon the splendid men of the Old Army, who bore the full brunt of all the early fighting in France with a courage and steadiness beyond praise. No one could fairly read into the article a suggestion that the Old Army was made up of wastrels—but only that it included a proportion of "ne'er-do-wells" who might conceivably require harsher treatment in training than the average man of the New Army or than the youths in our Cadet battalions.

"CALLING UP THE DEAD."

ANOTHER DEPLORABLE EXAMPLE OF RECRUITING METHODS.

A few weeks ago we commented on a case at Dewsbury, where the Recruiting Officer not only insisted on calling-up a dead man, but on sending the police to fetch him, and several similar outrages elsewhere had previously been exposed in our columns. Now we are informed of another bad sad bungle in the Recruiting Offices at Tottenham. A man named Halden or Holden, aged 30, died on November 27th last from tuberculosis. For a year previous to his death he was confined in a sanatorium in the outskirts of London. While there he received a call to the Colours. This was returned to the Recruiting Office by the Medical Superintendent, who explained the man's state of health. Nevertheless, on January 25th the Recruiting Officer sent a form inquiring whether the man was badged. A brother then personally took back the form and told them that the poor fellow was dead and buried. The soldier-clerk in the office, to whom all the facts were explained, admitted a bad mistake had been made, and that it would be put right. Notwithstanding this assurance, another notice was shortly afterwards sent to his home address, calling him to the Colours on March 2nd. If the Recruiting Office are under any obligation to know what they are doing, will they kindly accept this (the only) intimation from us that Halden is no longer on earth? They will never get him for the Army, however much time, trouble, stationery, and postage they waste on him—so it is no use their sending a policeman. Let them, therefore, mark their books accordingly at once, and put a decent end to their cemeterial fooling.

WHO DARES SLAN

WHAT HE TOLD ME—W

By THE EL

I AM not particularly enamoured of Royal Commissions—especially when appointed to inquire into War scandals. It is notoriously easy to be wise after the event—and a war like this one is obviously such a simple affair that a High Court Judge, a young solicitor, a Peer of the Realm, and an officer or two, not on active service, all sitting round a table at Westminster, can show you in five minutes just how anything ought to *have been* done! But I am certainly strongly opposed to the publication of their *ex post facto* wisdom whilst the war is still on. However, let all that pass. We have had a Commission to inquire into the Dardanelles and Gallipoli adventures—and we have their Report. I am sure it must be a very clever document—and, like the old Scotch woman and the Meenister's grand sermon, I wouldn't "hae the preesumption to understand it." But two or three things emerge from it, upon which I should like to unburden my mind.

Who Dares Slander Kitchener?

First of all, I want to know why these pigmy Commissioners dare slander the memory of Lord Kitchener. As I read their smug, patronising piffle, I seem to see the Great Silent Man, with those sad eyes of his, standing before me with the Report in his hand—as who should say, "Is *this* my reward for saving Britain?" We know how the politician hated that Silent Man, who found contact with them almost unbearable, and who in the fine simplicity of his character could not hide from them the contempt he felt for all their pefty ways and mean devices. When Lord Kitchener stepped back from the boat at Dover on that momentous August day in 1914, he did not realise the crippling conditions under which he would be compelled to carry through the greatest task ever undertaken by one man. He realised to the full his awful responsibility; he knew that the burden he had shouldered was almost heavier than one human back could carry. But he was strengthened by the thought that the nation was his support. And during all the months of political intrigue—at first ignored by him in his lofty, magnificent way, but intrigue which gradually broke his mighty spirit—he always found comfort in the truth that the People were behind him. In the enterprise of the Dardanelles he played a loyal part—ever ready to support the Government so long as that support did not jeopardise larger issues or risk the greater success of the West. Yet we have it on record that when he paused for a night in Paris, on his last journey to the Eastern theatre of war, he was a saddened, if not a broken, man. Where he had looked for support he had found only indifference; the men who should have been working with him were either openly or covertly hostile. There were tears in his eyes as with bowed head he confessed to his friend Lord Esher the cruelty of his disillusionment. What a picture! What a tragedy! What gratitude from those who had called to him in the hour of their agony! What repayment! And then that other picture of the calm, strong man, unhappy and disillusioned, starting on the mission to Russia which proved to be his sentence of death! In the grey waters of our Northern islets the body of that great hero lies at rest, not far from all that was mortal of his faithful friend and secretary. Kitchener and Fitzgerald—with their deaths lie buried the secrets of those dramatic months whose meaning and significance the Dardanelles Committee has failed to fathom.

Who Knows?

And yet, in the absence of the man who could have explained his own share in the events leading up to the ghastly enterprise of Gallipoli, they dare to sit in judgment upon his actions—to condemn him unheard! Was there ever a more deplorable and contemptible thing? Lip service is done to his greatness, but in reality a deliberate attempt is made to saddle him with responsibilities which were none of his. Lord Kitchener was not the man to shirk responsibility, or to shift on to others such blame as was his to bear. But let anyone who believed in Kitchener, as I believed in him, read that sorry story of the Dardanelles and find any fault with his conduct or his attitude, from first to last. To put it in a phrase or two—so far as concerns the Naval side of the great fiasco, the Admiralty was reluctant to spare the ships, and in its military aspect it is clear that Lord Kitchener hesitated to weaken the British Army in the West for the project in Gallipoli. Think not you that Lord Kitchener had very strong reasons for delaying the departure of the promised Division? He was the one man who realised the meaning and extent of the enemy's military power; in him alone rested the supreme responsibility. Who can doubt that his reasons for withholding troops from the Dardanelles enterprise were sufficient? We have only to recall to our minds the position on the Western front in the Spring of 1915 to furnish for ourselves a reason, all complete and compelling, for the course he adopted. And yet we are asked to condemn him! The Commission could not call him to witness from the deep silence of the sea; it knows nothing of the motives and reasons which actuated his policy; it judges him unheard; it finds him guilty when he is not here to defend himself. This is, indeed, the crowning injustice and cruelty. Strong, silent, resourceful, masterful—those attributes which the politicians from their very training and surroundings neither possess nor understand, are paraded against the dead man almost as crimes! Silent in the Council Chamber, and silent now in the grave!

What Kitchener Told Me.

I had but one conversation with Lord Kitchener—to my lasting regret; for a talk with him was a mental and moral tonic. "I have no use for the Politician," he said, "and I wish I had never been induced to join the Government. *I could have done so much better outside.* War plans cannot be discussed—they must be *settled*, and settled at once, right off the reel, by whoever is responsible for carrying them out. 'Political considerations,' as they are called, don't concern the soldier; his sole duty is to defeat the enemy. And the difficulty is that, once you introduce these things, no two men agree. *There is only one man who has any*

NDER KITCHENER?
WAS WINSTON WRONG?

EDITOR.

clear settled plan of action in the whole Government, and that is young Churchill. I don't say whether he was right or wrong about the Dardanelles—*I am not in a position to judge so far as the naval business is concerned.* I am simply sorry I was unable to help him till it was too late"—and then, after a pause, came these words, spoken with cold deliberation—"if it *was* too late." And I think I know now what he meant.

Politicians *v.* Experts.

It is impossible, in reading the Report of the Commission, to avoid the conclusion that there was a difference of opinion between the Experts and the politicians—*and that the politicians won.* That Lord Kitchener mistrusted these colleagues is known to all who have any inside knowledge of the events which preceded his death. Complaint is made that he kept the politicians in the dark as to his policy. Was he not well advised so to do? Never forget, there was, if not an anti-war element in the Cabinet, a section which, from the long ascendancy gained in peace times, mistrusted the expert. And if ever there was an expert in the art of war, Lord Kitchener was that man. I have good reason to know that in the all-important subject of man-power the Secretary of State for War felt that he was unable to put the true facts before the Cabinet. He knew that there was the Conscription party and the non-conscription "cave," and he knew also that any figures he might present would be utilised, and possibly distorted, for purely political purposes. The marvellous results which he secured in those early and vital months of the war would have been absolutely impossible had he done other than take the strong, independent line. He did his duty and the nation will for ever hold his memory sacred, his record free from spot or blame. Who dares to slander Kitchener?

Was Winston Wrong?

But if there is one of the politicians who come out of this scalding inquisition better than the others it is, I frankly declare, Mr. Winston Churchill. He, too, may possess the defects of his dominant personality. But this at least is made clear—he had a policy and he pursued it with a single eye to its successful accomplishment. Never forget, the call for a diversion in the Near East came not, as some would have us believe, from an ambitious politician, greedy for *réclame*, anxious to make for himself a new reputation. It came from our great Ally, Russia, hard pressed as were her soldiers in the Caucasus. Russia believed—and, given success, she was right in her belief—that a victory in the Dardanelles, leading up to the conquest of Constantinople, would alter the whole attitude of the Balkans, and win for the Allies a triumph of immeasurable magnitude. It was in response to that appeal from the Czar that the great, the fatal enterprise was entered upon. But, after all, we must be just, even to the politician. And, in the light of much that has come to my knowledge, I am bound to ask myself—*Was Winston wrong?* Let us remember the prize for which he was playing, and the stake he was risking. The prize was the relief of Russia from Turkish pressure; the favourable influencing of Bulgaria, Serbia, Roumania, and Greece, and the cutting of the German route to Constantinople. And the stake? A small fleet of obsolete type of ships, and comparatively few lives. And whose scheme was it? Not his—but that of his naval advisers. His first act was to ask the Admiral on the spot if it were practicable—even on the hypothesis of having no military support—and the reply was in the affirmative. He may not have taken all his colleagues fully into his confidence—but neither did Kitchener. Cannot you imagine the babble and the babel of the War Council? And there is an interesting explanation of why it did not meet for two months—but that is another story. If the Admiral, after the first attack on the forts, had resumed operations, is it *quite* certain that he would not have succeeded?—for I have heard—and, indeed, it is no secret in Germany—that he would then have found that the Turks *had run entirely out of ammunition.* I know what I am saying, and I shall never condemn Mr. Churchill until I have evidence that he was in some way responsible for that terrible waste of precious time when, after Lord Kitchener *had* sent troops, those old ships (all of which I expect have been scrapped by now) were lolling about in the open sea instead of renewing the bombardment of the old forts. And I am not going to forget that Mr. Churchill did have the fleet ready and in the right place when war came, and that during his reign at the Admiralty something *was* done in the way of naval activity—as witness the attacks on the Heligoland Bight and Cuxhaven. No, we will be just, as I say, even to the politician—and I will not join in the cheap chorus of abuse of any man until I hear both sides.

The Lesson.

When we realise the truth, the wonder is that to-day we are fighting at all—that defeat has not overtaken us, that our Empire still endures. Can it not now be seen that the worst we hinted at has been realised, that the strongest indictment against the wobblers and muddlers of Whitehall has been proved up to the hilt; that the catalogue of charges of indecision and incompetence has been justified on the confession of the culprits themselves? And in our indignation we, as a nation, may well ask, "Where's the hangsman's rope?" This sad and unsavoury scandal has for all of us a lesson written in letters of blood. Never again must the politician be permitted to dominate the soldier or the sailor. War is the business of the fighting, not of the talking, man. And we shall win this war if between now and the day of victory the politician obeys the man of action; if the sailor and the soldier decree what is needed in men, in munitions, in all the varied machinery of conflict, as well as in the science of strategy; and the Minister—rightly understanding his trust and his duty, paying no regard to political considerations, but impressed only with the supreme demand for certain victory, and a peace born of victory—uses his powers with the nation and his influence in the great departments of the State, to work and scheme for that Day of Triumph.

THE MARITIME MENACE.

ENEMY SAILORS ON BRITISH SHIPS.

Before the war it was notorious that our mercantile marine contained large numbers of aliens. However, it was not until a comparatively recent date that orders were issued by the Board of Trade that no foreigner, naturalised or not, should retain the command of a British ship. This, of course, was a great step gained, but it would be idle to pretend that the danger to the nation has been entirely removed. From an official source we have collected amazing evidence of the extent to which seamen of enemy birth are still allowed to sail in British vessels. We are furnished with a memorandum which, though not pretending to cover more than a fraction of the ground, contains particulars of scores of cases—based on official records—in which persons of German and Austrian birth, to say nothing of Turks and Greeks, have been allowed to retain their berths in the British merchant service. In many instances, changes of name have been registered since the beginning of the war, while in some cases certificates of naturalisation have been granted to individuals whose enemy origin has never for a moment been in doubt. At present the Home Secretary has no power to revoke the grant of naturalisation, but there are conclusive reasons why these men should not be carried to sea in British ships.

A HIGHLY IMPORTANT PEER.

LORD ASHTON TALKS OF HIS ACTS AND OILCLOTH.

In his own estimation, Lord Ashton is a very important person. He is annoyed because the military want some mill-hands. "Sheer madness," he calls it; it would affect his oilcloth trade. "When Lord Ashton considers the disastrous effect the war has had upon him"—(is he, poor soul, the only sufferer?)—"and the extent to which he has supported the Government in the prosecution of the war in a variety of ways, he is amazed that there should be such lack of consideration on the part of the War Office"—for his noble self and the oilcloth line. And, speaking for the firm of which he is principal proprietor, he adds:—"We are perfectly certain that the continued existence of our business concern, and what Lord Ashton has already done for the country since the commencement of the war, is of greater value to the Government than if the whole of the men of military age at present employed by us joined the army." Twice, you see, in one short statement, does Lord Ashton boast of "what he has done." He may have done much; we do not know. But we are perfectly sure that many other men have done a great deal more, without caring to boast about it even once. But if Lord Ashton imagines that his remarkable services to the country, added to the production of oilcloth, are of more importance than winning the war, his Lordship is indulging in a bad dream from which it would be charity to arouse him.

AN INEXPLICABLE REGULATION.

BRITISH OFFICERS AND WIVES LIVING IN FRANCE.

There is little time, and less occasion, for sentiment while we are at war. And it is in the very nature of things that the Army should be compelled to bear the brunt of many hardships. But there is no reason why unnecessary restrictions should be given the sanction of war necessity, and so far as we can discover, the attitude of the authorities in the matter of the visits of officers to their wives who happen to be in France is harsh and unreasonable. There are in many French towns—Boulogne, Havre, etc.—a number of the wives of English officers who were included in the "British colonies" in France when war broke out. But the military authorities will not permit their husbands to visit them. Yet, according to our information, no objection is raised to an officer visiting the house of relatives, or even to visiting ladies who do not stand in any family relationship. There are actually instances of officers living with their wives, who masquerade as visitors or sisters-in-law. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the stupidity and error of a regulation of this kind. If it were a case of permitting wives to visit France, the strictness of the regulation would meet with general approval. But the cases to which we refer involve, as we have said, nothing more than visiting wives who are already in the country. It is to be hoped that the War Office will look into the matter.

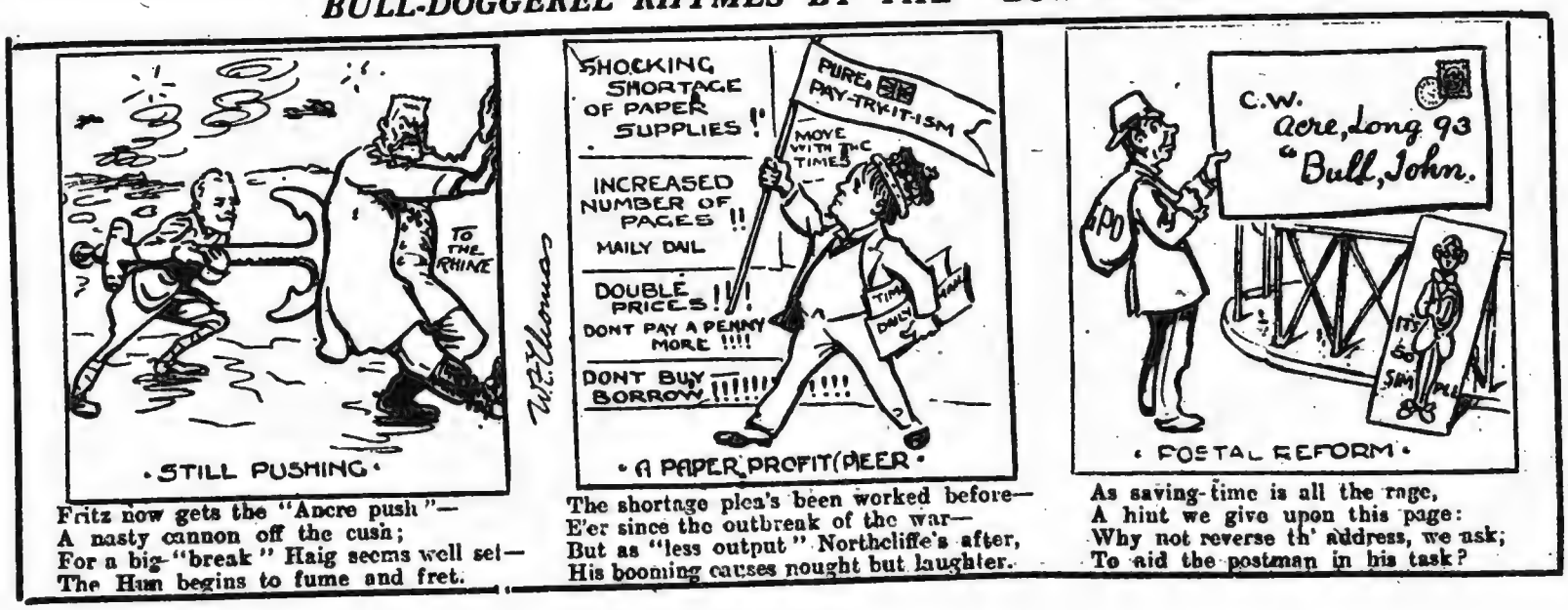
PRIVILEGED SLANDER.

A WORD TO MILITARY REPRESENTATIVES.

It is unfortunately true that a few Military Representatives before the Tribunals arrogate to themselves a degree of licence which is most offensive and improper. For instance, in the course of a recent case in Scotland, the representative of the War Office went so far as to suggest, without the least relevance to the matters under discussion, that the applicant for exemption, who had recently divorced his wife, "was living with another woman"—a statement which could only be taken to mean that he was leading an immoral life. Justly incensed by this entirely groundless aspersion upon his character, the applicant instructed a firm of solicitors to write to the Military Representative, denying the grossly offensive charge, and demanding some sort of redress. To their pertinent letter, as perhaps might have been anticipated, there was no reply. Entrenched behind the "privilege" of his position, and protected from an action at law, the Military Representative was content to leave the matter where it stood—even though an honest citizen's character was thereby injured without a shadow of justification. That, as a matter of fact, the charge was groundless, we are fully satisfied; and we take this opportunity of entering a strong protest against a growing abuse.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."



Fritz now gets the "Ancre push"—
A nasty cannon off the cush;
For a big "break" Haig seems well set—
The Hun begins to fume and fret.

The shortage plea's been worked before—
E'er since the outbreak of the war—
But as "less output" Northcliffe's after,
His booming causes nought but laughter.

As saving-time is all the rage,
A hint we give upon this page:
Why not reverse th' address, we ask;
To aid the postman in his task?

A COMIC MONEY-LENDING TOUT.

CURTAIN FALLS ON LONG-PLAYED FARCE.

A quaint and curious coincidence, which has a serious as well as an amusing side, is betrayed by two circulars from a money-lender, named C. Grafton, with an address in Piccadilly. They were forwarded to us on different days by two readers, totally unacquainted, one coming from the country the other from the West-End of London. This Grafton person, playing his game, offers one "client" any sum on loan, from £100 to £25,000 "by Registered Post." In passing, we would suggest that the transmission of £25,000 by registered post would be a novelty. A "Note" to this lithographed circular states: "Mortgages and Reversions arranged at 5 per cent. per annum." To the other gentleman the circular of the crafty Grafton offers "£50 to £20,000," which is £5,000 short. But the Registered Post is still suggested. However, the point is again to be found in a note: "Advances upon Reversions and Life Interests and by way of Mortgage on Property at 4 per cent. per annum." And that is where this mendacious money-lender, in classical parlance, gives the show away. When he offers a loan on Mortgages and Reversions at 5 per cent. with one hand and at 4 per cent. with the other, we are bound to believe that he would not advance the money on either basis. Further, the man would be a fool to lend at 4 (or even 5) per cent. when a War Loan offers better terms and better security for any money lying about loose. As advertising circulars are now forbidden, the letter boxes of the long-suffering public will no longer be choked up with such deceptive rubbish.

A P.S. FOR THE L.G.O.C.

SOME LITTLE THINGS THAT MATTER.

Having endeavoured to convey to the Directors of the L.G.O.C. the modest views of their drivers, concerning that bonus, we should like to enumerate one or two matters by way of postscript. First of all, as there are many more men than 'buses, it means that men turn up day after day and cannot get work. Yet the Company will not release them so that they may earn a living elsewhere. Something is radically wrong with a system that admits of married men and fathers going for a whole week without a day's work. Apparently, it is the younger ones who get the first chance. There are over 600 single men employed by the Company, and new hands are still being taught to drive. There is also discontent concerning certain alterations about the shifts. A late-shift man often finds he cannot get his 'bus into the garage until 11.30 or 12 o'clock, but to secure a minimum wage he must be on duty again before 6.30. Again, it is surely unreasonable to remove a man from a garage near his home and allotment and fix him at a distant one, where bachelors precede him in the chance of employment for the day. But it is done. Experienced drivers are turned away daily from every garage. There may be—there probably is—a rational reason for the keeping-on of more men than are necessary for the present work, but in that event the surplus men should not suffer. If they must be retained, grant them a small retaining fee, with work and pay sufficient to live upon. If they are needed, they are worthy of their hire; if not needed, why not release them? What has the L.G.O.C. to say on these points?

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"PEOPLE'S FRIEND":—

"She saw the tall slight figure in the doorway, and for an instant SHE STOOD RIGID; then she GOT UP SLOWLY."

MR. H. B. BRUCE (in letter to *Leicester Mail*):

"All I can say is God forbid that we should have here SUNDAYS like some I have seen, ESPECIALLY ON SHROVE TUESDAY (Mardigras) and Mid-Lent (Mi-careme)."

"DERBYSHIRE ADVERTISER":—

"John Bromage was summoned for stealing . . 16½ lbs. of LEAN FAT."

"CONGLETON CHRONICLE":—

"Bosley and district churchmen have thus a GAOL set before them which it should be and, no doubt, will be THEIR AIM TO REACH AS SOON AS POSSIBLE."

"THE UMPIRE":—

"To make the present stocks last, the Board recommend that in bottled spirits EACH GLASSFUL SHOULD BE REPLACED WITH A GLASS OF WATER. Later, FURTHER DILUTION can be made."

THE POSTMASTER, COLINTON, MIDLOTHIAN (cancellation stamp):—

"20 FE 17."

The Food *for the* Sick & Wounded

V.A.D. Hospitals are now established in almost every district. Ladies are nobly assisting as nurses, providers and visitors. For the Wounded and Convalescent suitable nourishment is of supreme importance. Those who are accustomed to make gifts should bear in mind how suitable and acceptable the 'Allenburys' Diet is.

This milk and wheaten food furnishes a complete dietary, and is allowed when other foods are not permitted. It is exceptionally palatable and its highly nourishing properties ensure the utmost benefit. Because of its easy preparation it is a boon in the busy hospital and deservedly popular with the nurse.

The Food that Restores.

The Allenburys DIET For Adults

No Cooking or Cow's Milk required. Made with boiling water only.

In tins at 1/6, 3/- & 6/- of Chemists.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London.

GRASP CATESBYS' LINO OFFER NOW.

Every house-proud woman should know it is still possible to obtain Catesbys' Cork Lino—the ideal floor covering—at exceptionally moderate cash terms or by small easy payments. It is to your interest to write for patterns and prices at once. They're free if you mention this paper.

CATESBYS, LTD., (Dept. 19), Tottenham Court Road, London, W. 1

BEST BRITISH BICYCLES.

Write now for my Lists of Bicycle Bargain.—PREMIERS, HUMBERS, CENTAURS, SWIFTS, TRIUMPHS, RIVERS, RAGLANS, COURTROALS, &c. The cream of the Coventry makes from £5 cash. (*Maker's price*, £10 10s.) Easy payments to suit your own pocket. 10 days' approval. Money saving lists and expert advice free from GEORGE KING, The Great Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY.

Half shop prices

SELECTED SEED POTATOES

FIRST EARLIES: Sharpe's Express, Puritan, Ninety-fold Early Rose, May Queen, 11.6, 56 lbs.; 6/6, 28 lbs.

SECOND EARLIES: Lady Llewellyn, Sir John Llewellyn, Eclipse, Epicure, Queen Mary, Windsor Castle, White City, British Queen, 11s., 56 lbs.; 6s., 28 lbs.

MAINCROPS: King Edward, Queen Alexandra, Factor Up-to-date, Dalhousie, Table Talk, Duchess Cornwall Dalmeny Hero, 9s., 56 lbs.; 5/-, 28 lbs. All Free on Rail Wisbech. Bags Free. Cash with Order. Only Address AMOS, WISBECH, LINCS.

WE BUY OLD ELECTRIC LAMPS

6d. per dozen for old metallic filament lamps, or 3d. per dozen for old caps. CORONA LAMP WORKS, Ltd., St. John's Works, Miranda Road, St. John's Road, Highgate, N.

I will teach You to Play the Piano Brilliantly, without Practice-Drudgery. Fatigue or Failure. You shall learn more from a few easy correspondence lessons than years of ordinary study and practice-drudgery can ever give you. **Thousands have done so for twelve years.** Modern, progress-compelling methods applied to **ordinary music.** Send a Postcard for Free Copy of my interesting, illustrated book,

"MIND, MUSCLE, AND KEYBOARD."

which explains my methods and shows what my students say my System has done for their playing, and **judge for yourself what it can do for you.** I have also a course for **Beginners,** *who need not know a note.* Give merely full address (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and add the word Advanced, Moderate, Elementary or Beginner, as the case may be.

A Recent Letter.

Elementary.

"Will you accept my best thanks for a most enjoyable and fascinating Course of Lessons? I find it impossible to put into words how grateful I am. You have opened up a new and delightful world for me."—F. L., Leicester.

Mr. H. BECKER,
81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERICLES

PRONOUNCED PERRY-CLEES

CYCLE TYRES

NO MANUFACTURER should be ashamed to put his name behind his product. If he is, he shouldn't be allowed to manufacture it at all.

Pericles cycle tyres are made by the Dunlop Rubber Company, who are determined that purchasers of inexpensive tyres shall obtain the utmost value that the enormous manufacturing resources of the Dunlop Rubber Company make possible.

Don't buy unnamed tyres — BUY PERICLES.

IN ALL STANDARD SIZES OF ALL CYCLE AGENTS.

Covers, W.O. 5/3
" B.E. - 5/6
Tubes - - - 2/9

MADE BY THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD.

FOR

STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLES

For stomach and liver troubles you should take Mother Seigel's Syrup, the Remedy which has proved its value in thousands upon thousands of cases the world over. For toning up and strengthening the stomach, and gently stimulating the action of the liver and bowels it is unsurpassed. Under its influence in thousands of cases, pains after eating, flatulence, acidity and other evil effects of stomach and liver disorder have been surely and quickly banished. Put it to the test yourself to-day.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Mrs. Phœbe Baylis, of the Co-operative Stores, Bodicote, Nr. Banbury, wrote on December 17th, 1915:—"I had been for some considerable time a victim of indigestion, and bad bilious attacks. I suffered from anæmia, headaches, loss of appetite, and sleepless nights, in consequence of a sluggish liver and stomach trouble. The little food I did take did me no good, and I got into a very weak and nervous state, and lost considerably in weight.

"Having been recommended on several occasions to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, and getting no relief from other medicines, I commenced a course of your Syrup and Pills and after some time I began to mend. My appetite returned, and I put on weight. I have continued to take occasional doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup during the past eight years, and am now enjoying excellent health."

IS THE

REMEDY YOU NEED.

The 2/9 size contains three times as much as the 1/3 bottle.

The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

AN ANTICIPATED EPITAPH.

MR. JOSEPH KING, M.P.

Beneathe
Thys weightie stone,
Made extra heavie
Lest hee should ryse agayne toe worrie us,
Lieth
A King;
In Lyfe noe Monarche,
Butte a Mountebanke;
Toe witte,
Joseph King,
Sometyme Member of Parliamente
For North Somersette.
An extreme Radickal in Polyticks, Hee,
More often thanne notte,
Allowed hys Partie predileckçions
Toe overshadowe hys patriotism,
And made a sillie ass of hymselfe
In manie other waies besydes.
In witnesse whereof,
Bee itt recalled thatte
Hee was convickted and fyned fiftie quidde
For communicatynge informaçione
Lykelie toe bee of servyce toe
Ye Enemie!
In ye House of Commons
Hee was dubbed
"Ye Madde Hatter,"
For reasons obvious
Toe alle whoo knewe hym;
Hee was a constante source
Of worrie
Toe ye Speaker,
Rarelie speakynge relevantlie
And beynge forever called toe order.
Hys constituents growynge syck
Of hys anticks,
Ye whyche brought discredit upon Themselves,
They hinted toe hym gentlie bye means of
A Resoluçione
Thatte he mighte resygne,
Atte ye same tyme softenynge ye blow
Toe hys selfe-complacencie
Bye thankynge hym for hys paste servyces.
Paste servyces!
Ha! ha! ha!
Stranger, forbeare toe laugh.
Butte
Joseph King
Was notte takyne aniethynge
In ye resignaçione line.
Hee hadde a softe jobbe,
And hee meante toe keepe itt.
Butte Deathe stepped in,
And,
Willie-nillie,
Gave hym hys dismissal.

Ye soule of Joseph King
Hath somewhere taken wing:
Telle ye where hys soule doth goe?
Notte for Joseph, oh, dear, noe!

BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

Lancashire, represented by Curly Kenyon, and Yorkshire, typified by Alf. Hebblethwaite, have fought a glorious battle. Kenyon, a real man of Wigan, and Hebblethwaite—as hard as nails—whose home is at Bradford, met for the sixth time; on five previous occasions the contests between them had been declared drawn. This time, whilst there was not a great deal in any of the 15 rounds, Kenyon had the pull and, of course, he won. I suppose, judged by the highest standard, the affair would not be counted more than an average display of boxing, but I can assure my North Country friends who prevailed upon me to referee, that it is a long time since I saw such an example of wholesome fighting. I do believe, so perfectly conditioned were the two men, that they could have gone on almost indefinitely. There were other contests besides that in which Kenyon and Hebblethwaite figured, and among the winners were F. Baker, a thoroughly good man, who beat Battling Morgan, and Mark Kerney, who was better than Private Nolan. Private Lloyd was what we call a "better plucked 'un" than his opponent, Arthur Lupton of New Brighton, who, I shrewdly suspect, was very glad when he was free to leave the ring.

During the evening I renewed acquaintance with Captain N. Fitchett. Fitchett was in great form, and it is good to know that such a fine sportsman is engaged in fitting the young men of the North for the fight of their lives.

Corporal Jim Sullivan, of the London Scottish, a word I would have with you: If you are really after putting yourself on a pedestal again as a big boxer, you will see to it that you don't set out on another adventure such as that against the soldier, Harry Reeve, at the Holborn Stadium, without making sure that you are perfectly fit. If you don't, then your boxing days are over. You never boxed or fought as I know you can do. You were all wrong in your leads, you sort of stammered and stuttered, and you scarcely knew where you were. There was much that was tragic in your downfall at the Holborn Stadium. You were not Jim Sullivan at all; only a poor imitation of a once clever and accomplished boxer.

JOHN BULL, with its mighty circulation, is obliged to go to press early, and at the time of writing Jimmy Wilde had not met Clarke at Covent Garden for the Flyweight Championship. So, next week, I will tell you all about it.

SHORTHAND IN 3 DAYS
DUTTON'S SHORTHAND FOR THE MILLION can be learned in 3 days. Only 6 rules. Send stamp for first lesson in this, the simplest and highest speed system to DUTTON'S BUSINESS COLLEGE Room J). REGENT'S. London, 22 & 23 Great Russell St. W.C.
FREE FIRST LESSON FREE

MAGNESIA CURES STOMACH TROUBLES DUE TO ACIDITY.

READER'S REMARKABLE TESTIMONY

So-called stomach troubles, such as indigestion, wind, stomach-ache, and inability to retain food, instead of indicating that the stomach is out of order, are in nine cases out of ten simply evidence that fermentation is taking place in the food contents of the stomach, causing the formation of gas and acids. Wind distends the stomach and causes that full, oppressive feeling sometimes known as heartburn, while the acid irritates and inflames the delicate lining of the stomach. The stomach, however, is not at fault. The trouble lies entirely in the fermenting food. Such fermentation is unnatural, and acid formation is not only unnatural, but may involve the most serious consequences if not prevented. To prevent or stop fermentation of the food contents of the stomach and to neutralise the acid half a teaspoonful of bisurated magnesia should be taken in a quarter of a glass of hot or cold water immediately after eating, or whenever wind or acidity is felt. This stops the fermentation and neutralises the acidity in a few moments. It also soothes and heals the inflamed stomach, and thus quickly effects a thorough cure of even severe and long standing cases of digestive and stomach troubles.

Read the remarkable testimony of Mrs. Stacy, who lives at 21, Warple Way, Richmond: " . . . I was in hospital for a month suffering from gastric ulcers and hæmorrhage of the stomach, and on my return home was still so ill that my husband advised me to try bisurated magnesia. I did so, and I regard the result as truly wonderful. I am quite well again now, and, remembering how I suffered, I feel I would like others to know about this remarkable remedy.

(*Signed*) Mrs. L. STACY."

Just as bisurated magnesia helped Mrs. Stacy so it will help you. Stomach trouble is indicated by a variety of symptoms, such as pain after eating, heartburn, flatulence waterbrash, wind, etc., but bisurated magnesia removes the cause of the trouble, stops the pain instantly, and soon effects a cure. Try it to-day. Get a bottle of bisurated magnesia from your chemist, and take half a tea-spoonful in a little water after meals. But be sure you do get *bisurated* magnesia, and not a common bismuth mixture. Real bisurated magnesia costs 3s. per bottle, but, as a bottle contains sufficient for six weeks' treatment, it is by no means expensive; moreover, every package of genuine bisurated magnesia contains a binding guarantee of satisfaction or money back, so that the trial costs nothing unless bisurated magnesia really does you good. (ADVT.)

HOW TO SAVE.

	s.	d.
Should you require a Fountain Pen		
DO NOT PAY	10	6
Send for a		
JOHN BULL PEN		
Price with 13 Coupons	1	9
YOU SAVE	8	9

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C 2.

(*Mar. 17, 1917.*)

P.O.'s should be made payable t "John Bull, Ltd." and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1916.*

A Standing Dish.

Catterick Camp is still rotten—a kind of Van Dieman's Land. If things progress at the present rate, the place will merit the title of "The Suicides' Settlement."

From India

The many thousands of civilians of Army age in India are being rounded up to serve their country, as we suggested they should be. Their chief pleasure was to sneer at the soldiers, who were, they considered, beneath their social notice. The hundreds of letters we have recently received from our serving men in India show how glad they are to know that their "superiors" are now going to be forced to do their duty to the Empire.

An Unnoticed Point.

The terms of reference in connection with the Promotion Committee, over which Mr. Churchill is to preside, are incomplete. We want to have included a section concerning selection from the ranks. Social influence and money should not hold sway. Our best men ought to be able to get their stars.

War-Savings.

Some time ago the tobacco allowance to the shore staff at the Milford Haven Base was cut off, and now we are assured that the issue of soap has also been discontinued. Has the Admiralty made up its mind that its employees must not chew or smoke, nor yet wash themselves? It is a bit hard to ask the men to pay for the commodities out of their own pockets.

Wanted—A Doctor.

A man of the Norfolk Regiment, with the Expeditionary Forces, reported sick to the doctor, and got "medicine and duty." Afterwards the poor fellow fell out on a long march and was given seven days' C.B., with stoppage of pay, for being ill. What says the Army Council?

"Heads I Win."

To save much money, the wise ones at Whitehall have instituted a "W" Reserve, a category into which is put the soldier who is crocked and returned to civil life, with the threat of recall hanging over him—he forfeiting all financial claim. The poor devils who consent to transfer to this class find that civil employers will not engage them, as they are liable to be called up again!

Backsheesh!

A Regimental Sergeant-Major undertook to raise money for a charity concert. He told the N.C.Os. under him that unless they bought tickets they would be put on duty during the week-ends. Some of them refused to purchase, and the fellow has kept his word. Would the War Office like to inquire?

One of the Best.

A man was taken into the Army a couple of years ago. A month later the dentist pulled out all his teeth and substituted false ones. He then went into hospital to undergo an operation on his nose, spending a couple of months there; was subsequently sent to another institution for treatment to his ears, and to get rid of his rheumatism. After a three-months' "cure" he stayed in a convalescent home for nine weeks, whence he was ordered to India—where he has been luxuriating in hospital since landing! How much has he cost the country?

A Question for the Admiralty.

We should like to know why the Yacht Patrol is the only branch of the Service which is not granted separation allowance and war bonus. Winter service in a yacht off the British Isles is not altogether a pleasure trip. In fact, old shellbacks call it Hell, and the men envy the chaps on the battleships and cruisers. They are entitled to generous consideration.

Jack's Rations.

If the Food Dictator visits the Navy, he will learn some things that may be of use. Soon after the war started, the ration allowance was increased by a halfpenny. Some time afterwards the generous Admiralty added another halfpenny, but in exchange deducted six ounces of bread daily. There is no competition among the Navy contractors, and the bluejacket gets little preferential treatment when purchasing his food. We have asked Sir Edward Carson to look into this matter, but possibly he is too busy with the Irish Question.

An Unfair Difference.

Naval Pensioners recalled to the Service are given their pensions in addition to pay. Serving men who have completed for pension are left out in the cold. Why?

Shivering Sailors.

When sending ships to sub-Arctic latitudes, the Admiralty might consider the advisability of serving out extra clothing and blankets, one only of the latter being issued. We have many letters from men between here and the North Pole complaining of this.

Our Pensions Inquiry Department.

By our Pensions Expert.

Mrs. W. G. (Hampstead).—I placed your case before the authorities and you will receive an extra 2s. 6d. a week.

Ex-Private M. J. (Leeds).—You cannot live on your 4s. 8d. pension. See the Secretary, War Pensions Committee, at the Town Hall who will provide you with form D. 1, with which to claim a supplementary allowance.

Mrs. P. H. (Belfast).—Up to the present, the pension granted to the widow of a private whose age is between 35 and 45 has been 12s. 6d. a week, but this will be increased under the new scheme.

Mrs. L. M. (Acton).—As the man did not support the child before his enlistment, I am sorry to say it is not entitled to any allowance from the Government.

Mrs. H. W. (Tottenham).—You are receiving the allowance that is usually made, but call on the Secretary, Pensions Committee, at the Town Hall, in order to put in a claim for a supplementary pension. In the meantime you will be entitled to an increase under the new scheme.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependants of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

A soldier was allowed home to bury his wife, but as he was in debt to his Paymaster he had no money. He sought our help, and got it.

The wife of another soldier lost her child—whose father is in hospital, wounded in the head, and cannot recover. The distress of the unfortunate woman was great; we relieved it.

We interviewed the usual number of men invalided home without pension and unable to obtain work; and, of course, helped every genuine case. We are glad to know that the new Pensions Scheme will do tardy justice to such cases, and will relieve the tremendous pressure upon our Fund.

An ex-soldier is dying from heart disease. He has a small pension of 4s. 8d. a week, with a family of three depending upon him. We looked after him.

Five brothers joined the Army, leaving a widowed mother at home. Three of them gave up their lives, whilst another has been invalided out, unable to take up employment, and with no pension. The fifth, a youngster, applied to us on behalf of his mother, who was ill and in distress. We, of course, took the case up, and gave her the necessary help.

A discharged soldier, who was dying of consumption, wrote to us on behalf of his widowed mother, with whom he lived. It was a case of real distress, and we sent the money—but before it arrived, the poor fellow was dead.

A widow lost two sons in the war, whilst the third was wounded at Gallipoli. Through the remaining lad, she receives 3s. 6d. a week, and stretches this out by working as a charwoman. She is now ill and unable to supplement the paltry allowance, so we have made her a grant from the Fund.

When another boy joined the Army, he was given to understand that his mother, a widow, would be granted full separation allowance of 12s. 6d. a week, but afterwards discovered that she was entitled to only the 3s. 6d. We sent her help, and in addition obtained a supplementary grant for her.

Again we have been called upon to help in several cases of death of soldiers' dependents—mostly children. Naturally, we have done everything in our power to soften the bereavement.

We would again remind the many doubtful applicants who come to us, that pawntickets and books showing rent in arrear are not, in themselves, conclusive evidence of unavoidable distress, and we cannot, therefore, accept them as such.

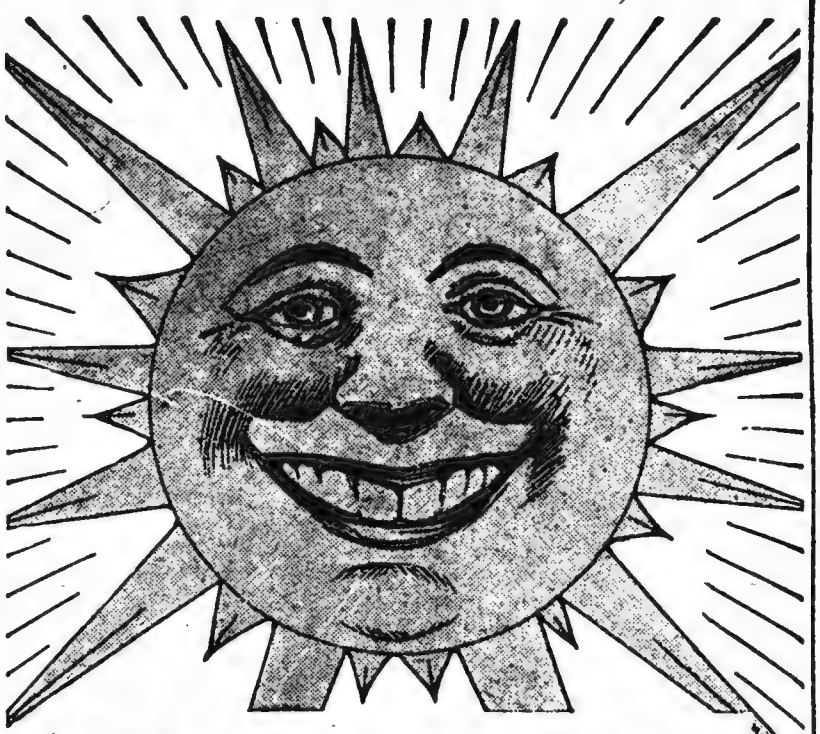
We are glad to note the impending increase in War Pensions. The extra amounts are not by any means excessive, but they will tend to relieve distress, and will, in a measure, reduce the pressure on our fund.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

M. F. (Belfast), 3s.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; "An Artist's Widow," 3s.; "Laytown," 2s. 6d.; T. M., 1s. 4d.; E. M. B. (Canterbury), 10s.; E. W. (Elham), 1s.; Captain, Officers and Crew of S.S. *Clackmannanshire* (per A. K.), £9 5s.; "A Farmer's Daughter," 5s.; M. A. H. (Bath), 2s. 6d.; J. I. (India), 4s. 6d.; L. W. (Leytonstone), 3s. 6d.; "Minesweeper 2884," J. G. L. (Wimbledon), 2s. 6d.; M. W., 2s. 6d.; W. T. T. (Briton Ferry), 2s. 6d.; "Heather," 5s.; "Soldiers' Wives," 1s.; E. G., 1s.; "Constant Reader," 2s.; A. M. B., 1s.; Mrs. F. E. N., 1s. 6d.; H. M., 6d.; M. D., 1s.; "Soldier's Mother" (Portobello), 1s.; "Widow," 6d.; J. E. S., 6d.; T. W. M. and W. F. M., 7s. 6d.; M. S., 2s. 6d.; C. H. H., 1s.; A. G. S., 1s. 4d.; C. T. G., 1s.; "Taxi Driver 5372," 1s.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 12s.; S.S. *Tencer*, 10s.; "Bible Reader," 6s.; F. J. T., 1s.; S. L., 2s. 6d.; E. M. B. (Balham), 5s.; M. I. (Camberwell), 5s.; B. W., 3s. 6d.; G. B. (Charlton), 2s.; H. J. H. (Broadstairs), 2s. 6d.; K. R. (Chester), £1.; A. W. F. (Rotherham), 2s. 6d.; "Thankful," 10s.; Mrs. J. E. C., 2s. 6d.; M. E. C., £2; F. S. C., 5s.; "Jonathan," 5s.; L. R. (Harringay), 1s.; K. W. (Ipswich), 2s.; "Pleased to Give," 2s. 6d.; "Pro," £1; M. S., 2s. 6d.; "A Few Signalmen at Willesden Junction," 10s.; "A Few Dulwich Well-wishers," 5s. 6d.; Workmen employed at Ship Fitting Shop, H.M. Dockyard, Devonport, (per J. H. H.), 1s.; H. A., 6d.

COLLECTING BOXES.

London.—Mr. A. Heys, "Denbigh Arms," Denbigh Place, 4s. 1½d.; Messrs. S. Cohen and 141, Victoria Street, 3s. 3d.; Mr. Wm. "Builders' Arms," Moreton Street, Pimlico, 5s.; Mr. J. Money, 28, Pimlico Road, 2s. 3d.; Fry, "Clayton Arms," Kennington Oval, 2s.; Mr. G. Pryer, "Black Lion" Bar, 2s. 9d.; Mr. B. Levett, "The Golden Road, Homerton, £1 2s. 6d.



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Stock your kitchen garden or allotment with RYDERS VEGETABLE SEEDS, and the floral corner with Ryders Flower Seeds, and you take the best possible initial step toward fine heavy crops of vegetables and beautiful displays of fragrant flowers.

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A beautifully illustrated catalogue containing much useful information, and enabling you to plan your garden while sitting by your fireside, will be sent post free on application. Send a postcard now.

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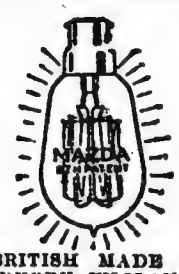

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Mazda gives the Master Light

More Mazda lamps are in use to-day than any other make of lamp. All classes—from the highest to the lowest—use them. Mazda lamps are used in the Royal Palaces, they also brighten the poorest homes. They are used in the Houses of Parliament, the Law Courts, General Post Office, Royal Naval Colleges, by the War Office, Admiralty, and all other Government Departments.

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ELECTRIC LAMPS

have achieved their world-wide popularity because of unsurpassed qualities.

The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd., Mazda House, 77, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.

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BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE TOWNS.

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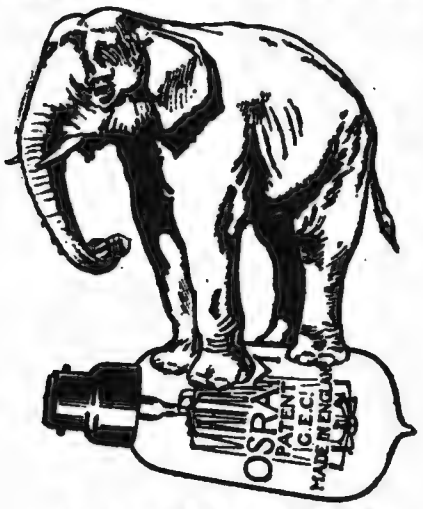

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LAMPS
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BRITISH CAPITAL
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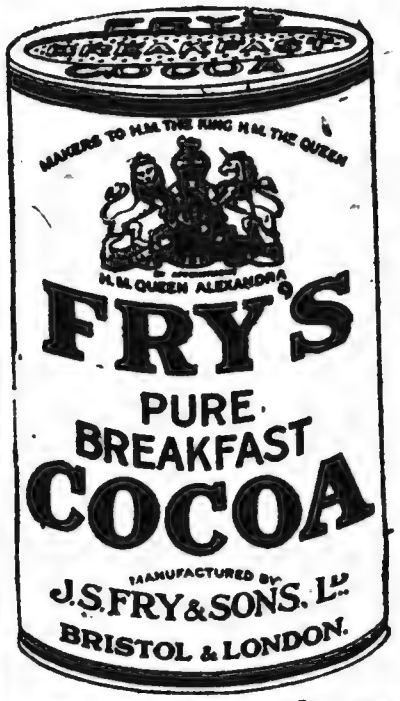

in Cocoa—no leaves or dregs or useless sediment. Cocoa is all nourishment—the word itself means "Food of the Gods." It is one of Nature's best gifts to mankind, made from the cocoa bean—a kind of vegetable egg, which contains all that is needed to build up a living body — and every year finds it more and more relied upon by those who study health and diet. Nothing to leave in the bottom of the cup.

Precious to the Last Drop.

MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING, H.M. THE QUEEN, H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

And to the People for nearly Two Hundred Years.

Prevention is Better than Cure

KEEP OUT WET AND KEEP IN HEALTH
BY USING
PROUT'S DUBBIN
makes boots defy the wet.

Half-a-Century's Reputation
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NOTHING ELSE IS HALF SO GOOD.

☞ Use it yourself, and send a supply to your friends in the soaking trenches.

NOW is the time!

3d. to 1/6 PER BOX

Splendid for HARNESS, &c.
Of all Boot Dealers.
For name of Nearest Agent apply
REGENT WORKS,
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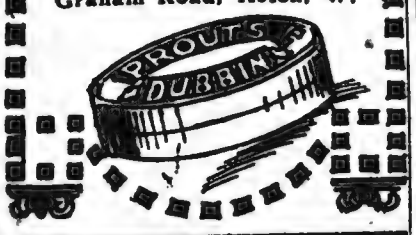

Don't endure Head or Nerve Pains.

Profit by the great 1916 discovery.

Home-Coming.

Can your husband truthfully say you look younger every day, or do you greet him with tired eyes and forehead wrinkled with pain? You need never be anything but fresh and bright if you have a box of Daisy Tablets in the house to expel head and nerve pains.

KNOWING nothing about household cares, the worry of getting and keeping suitable maids, or of doing unaccustomed washing, cleaning, cooking and the hundred-and-one other things about a house (still less of the headaches and nerve pains they bring), your husband expects to see you looking bright and dainty when he comes home at the day's end.

He takes it for granted that you should keep as free from head and nerve pains as he does. *And so you can,* if you will profit by the wonderful new remedy which cures every nerve pain in a perfectly simple, easy and scientific way. All you have to do is to swallow a couple of the wonderful little Daisy Tablets and the pain vanishes. Carry a box of Daisy Tablets with you always. Even if you do not happen to need them yourself to-day, you will probably come across a friend in a shop, office, factory, munition shop or your home, who will thank you for the means of freeing him or her from martyrdom to headache and neuralgic pains.

"DAISY" TABLETS.

A box of 25 Tablets takes up less space in your bag or pocket than the smallest matchbox, yet in it is stored the magic cure for a dozen headaches.

Sold by Boots, Taylor's, etc., and chemists everywhere at 1/3 per box or direct, post free, from Daisy, Ltd., Leeds.

How to dress well *economically*

Send your clothes to us to be renovated by our special Tailor Cleaning Process.

Whatever their condition, we do all that is necessary to make them like new for **3/9** (plus 20 per cent. war increase), per suit or overcoat.

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31 to 40 Great College Street, London, N.W.

'Phone: North 2882 and 2681. On receipt of Postcard we will collect and deliver from anywhere within 10 miles Charing Cross. Beyond, use parcel post, and we will post back Free.

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31-40, Great College Street, London, N.W.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.* LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and, in the case of* LEGAL *inquiries, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.* FINANCIAL *and* INSURANCE *inquiries should be addressed to the Editor,* CITY JOHN BULL, *and be accompanied by a similar postal order. Full names and addresses should be given.*

W. G. (Hull).—There is no doubt that the Huns are up to every trick for evading the blockade None the less, the stranglehold is tightening.

M. B. T. (London).—Many thanks, but we have so many offers of the twenty ropes free of charge that we need not trouble you to submit a tender.

"SERGEANT" (Dover).—"The speediest way to end the war would be to shut the House of Commons, and let the Government and the people carry on." Many worse notions are laid before us.

L. B. (Bethnal Green).—"Do you think the new diet caused Lord Devonport's illness?" A neat gibe!

N. S. C. (Hampstead).—Just imagine you thinking *we* were "Plotting to upset the Premier." Confound that poster!

DRIVER A. C. (Army Service Corps).—Glad to hear of the nice sum raised for the Red Cross Fund by "auctioneering a potato." As things are going, it may soon be possible to charge so much a time for looking at one, and twice as much for a smell.

P. W. (Battersea).—You tell us that in a dug-out at Salonica "JOHN BULL is as welcome as a cup of coffee with a drop of rum in it." Or as a mug of rum with a drop of coffee in it, eh?

"RASPBERRY" (Birmingham).—"Why on earth does a woman about 60 years of age call herself a colonel, wear short skirts, leggings and spurs, carry a whip, and walk through a factory as though she owned it?" Ask us another.

T. N. T. ("Nowhere on Earth").—"Journalists don't run the war; thank heaven for that." If they had done, it would have been happily over long before now.

L. B. (Cottingham).—No doubt the British farmer has his merits, but why is he holding up potatoes? A real Business Government would step in and collar the lot.

SGT. L. G. M. (Newport).—"And where is your Daddie now, Georgie—in France or in England?" "Please, teacher, he's in khaki." Almost as non-committal an answer as an emphatic "Yes!" would have been.

S. S. B.—This would be rather too critical a moment to publish "A Skit on Kaiser Bill and President Will," as the last may become an active ally at any moment. We said "may."

"TENACIOUS PUP" (Bournemouth).—The Chinese in Siberia who call us a "Doggie paper, velly fine," have evidently grasped our bull-dog characteristics. We don't bark a lot, but we hang on.

J. D.—Doesn't much look as though the banks "crabbed" the War Loan, does it? Who starts these silly rumours?

A. F. B. W. (Notting Hill Gate).—It is the food hogs who shout the loudest that everybody should do his bit. They eat more than theirs.

"HACKNEY."—"Don't for God's sake buoy wretched Englishers up." Hallo! what are *you* doing in dear old Hackney?

"MAC." (R. Hosp., Portsmouth).—When you chatted with Indian soldiers in France, one said, "We shall go on fighting till we fall; they can only kill our bodies, our spirits shall live and go back to India." Good.

"MAD BRITISHER."—Properly controlled, we think the Huns here should work on roads or the land. We said "work."

H. J. A. (Herne Hill).—The National War Savings Committee have written you:—"While the Chancellor is glad to accept spontaneous offers of money free of interest for the duration of the war, he is not prepared to make a direct suggestion." Speak up, spontaneous ones!

"CONSCRIPT."—What is the word when a Military Representative keeps a single young man in his office, and a Recruiting Officer does ditto? Two words: "incongruous" and "substitute."

GUNNER F. M. W. (Weybridge).—If Tommy does not do a bit of flirting with the fair (or dark) maids of France when he gets the chance, then he is rather less of a man than we thought him. Or rather more of a saint.

J. D. H. (Leicester).—We find it hard to believe that the Corporation Baths Committee of any English town allowed the pestiferous Mormons the use of the premises for the purpose of baptising converts to that lecherous sect. In any event, surely the nude washing, as practised in Utah, was cut out.

S. D. (Brook Green, W.).—We have pleasure in seconding your resolution that no mayor's secretary, fit and of military age, should be exempt from service, any more than any mayor's coachman or gardener, for substitutes can be found for all three.

L. B. J. (Salcombe).—As per request, we hereby adjure Scoutmasters throughout the country to follow the excellent example of their Wimbledon brother, who is using his troop of disciplined lads to keep up the allotments of men away on active service.

E.C. (London, N.)—This little girl, aged nine, writes:—"Instead of making English girls and men work on explosives which turn them yellow, make the German prisoners work in their place, and I think they would turn green." No, little girl; it would not Turnham Green—it would make them look blue.

T. W. (Glasgow).—When Glasgow Corporation lunched to mark the success of its tramways, it was a pity no speaker seems to have had a word to say for the 3,000 gallant tramwaymen gone to the front.

S. H. W. (Bath).—Fancy Bath City Police Court discussing the momentous question, "Are chitterlings freshly cooked meat?" Next question: "What are chitterlings, and how do they chitter?"

B. A.—Scottish banks pay their apprentices £10, £20, and £80 a year for first, second, and third year. That's to teach thrift to budding bankers.

"BETHNAL GREEN BOXER" (London, E.).—A man who would steal money from a deaf mute must be the blackest of blackguards. A trace of Germhun blood somewhere, perhaps.

W. H. (Adelaide).—Delighted to hear from you, and also to see your *Church Messenger* speaking so well of us. Good luck to the boys down under!

"SIDCUP."—"What do we mean by 'soon'"? Soon.

S. E. F. (Lichfield).—Agreed that "church furniture and adornments"—even if you include curates—are not among the necessities of life.

"ANTI-SEMITE" (Leyton).—Never mind the "alien Jews." Unless they happen to be Huns, we haven't a word to say against them.

E. M. H. (Bexley Heath).—You can bet your boots that after the war we sha'n't be troubled in the way you mention. At present, marriage is the only lottery sanctioned by the law of England.

PTE. B. B. (Hut 24).—"Prove by mathematics whether a man, in a train going 60 miles an hour, can shoot the engine-driver with a bullet going same speed." Why *should* he want to shoot the engine-driver?

"MILLY" (Malton).—"A girl of 20, with four fighting brothers." We mustn't send our love to you, but give it to the four.

"STEPHEN" (Dundee).—The closing date for our special £1,000 "Bullets" offer is March 22nd, so there is still ample time for you to send in.

W. J. G. (Bowes Park) says that the Board of Inventions have not had the courtesy to answer his letter. He should write again; the office boy may have lit his Flor de Woodbine with it.

"NEW WED" (Grantham).—Settle upon your wife all you can afford. Her next husband mayn't have a cent to bless himself with.

"PERPLEXED" (Holloway Road, N.).—If you are afraid to accept the better position offered you because you then would have to pay income tax, you had better get out, or get under. No ambitious man would allow a trivial thing like that to hinder his progress.

"A CONSTANT READER" (Brick Lane).—The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Ltd., 50 and 52, Belvoir Street, Leicester, is an excellent firm—*to have nothing to do with.*

"TRAVELLER" (S. Norwood).—The only way for "mere men" to protect themselves from the appalling projecting hat-pins worn by many vain and inconsiderate women when travelling in public conveyances, is to wear some kind of steel ruff around their neck, deep enough to keep the feminine menace at a distance. This might easily be removed when closer contact were desired.

PTE. C. F. K. (Margate).—"Wanted, Assistant Overseer and Clerk to Parish Council at Swingfield. Salary, £10 per annum." Apply early to avoid the rush.

"ANXIOUS" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—"Is it right that he is a German?" In our humble opinion it isn't right for anyone to be a German.

F. C. P. (Swansea).—So you think the Conscientious Objects should be "treated on the lines of Belgium." We sympathise with your feelings, but personally we wouldn't torture a worm.

"STOP FOOLING" (Cornwall).—By all means, do!

J. O. (Brixton Hill).—Commercial travellers are probably hit harder than anybody else by the increased railway fares, and we agree that they are entitled to first place in a reconsidered scheme.

R. B.—"In dozens of cases can't-do-without are paying their foreman in Woolwich Arsenal." What a naughty suggestion; just as though any foreman could be bribed!

"SOLDIER'S WIFE."—"London girls out with vans get insulted, and struck with things thrown at them, by people who call themselves men." We should call them something else.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

Your last chance

£1,000 'BULLET'S' FIRST PRIZE

Your last chance

2ND PRIZE £250

10 PRIZES OF £10	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	6,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES	5,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

3RD PRIZE £100

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 22nd.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(229) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 229, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left hand corner of envelope.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 22nd.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(229) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 22nd.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(229) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 22nd.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(229) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 229.

OUR GALLANT LADS
WHEN BIG PUSH STARTS
ROUSING AMERICA
DISHONOURED BILL
CHANGING HIS NOTE
IN RETREAT
GERMANY'S WEAKNESS
GENERAL NUISANCE
WORKING FOR PEACE
NOBODY WANTS
WHEN WIFE SHOPS
SPARKING BOY
AT THE WAR OFFICE
HONEYMOON COUPLE
PRICE OF BEER
FOOD HOGS
TOMMY'S BEST GIRL
THROUGH THE KEYHOLE
CURIOUS NEIGHBOURS
PRETTY MAID
MOST TANTALISING WHEN
BABY'S COMFORTER
THREE BRASS BALLS
PLAIN COOK
TOO OLD TO FIGHT
SPRING CLEANING
LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF
PRUSSIAN DIET
WHEN WAR WILL END
MY SWEETHEART
THE GERMAN PEOPLE
VILLAGE BAND
WHEN FATHER'S PAID
IN A MUDDLE
NARROW ESCAPE
MOST PEOPLE DISLIKE
IN THE DANGER ZONE
MY WIFE
FEEDING THE LODGER
THE KAISER DOUBTS

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 40 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These Examples will help you:—
Example:—MOST PEOPLE DISLIKE.
Bullet:—RECEIVING LETTER FROM LAWYER.

Example:—IN A MUDDLE.
Bullet:—AFTER NIGHT OUT.

Example:—WHEN FATHER'S PAID.
Bullet:—MOTHER SMILES.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated April 7th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated March 17th.

Result of "Bullets" No. 227 will be found on the opposite page. Complete list of all prize-winners in this competition can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of 227th 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. J. BURTON, Central Stores, 25, Lower Parliament Street, Nottingham.

Example:—WHAT HAIG SAYS.
Bullet:—YOU "LEND" WE "ADVANCE."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. H. BOYD, Rankin House, Redditch.
Example:—BEGINNING TO REALISE.
Bullet:—WHAT "GOOD" SAILORS ARE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mr. G. BRADLEY, 16, Queen's Road, Hazel Grove, Cheshire.
Example:—MARRIED MEN.
Bullet:—UNTIL DEATH DO "PART."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. J. E. HOLYOAKE, 206, London Road, Leicester: MATRIMONY—MANY ARE MAD "AFTER."
Mr. A. H. ETHERINGTON, 35, Shackleton Road, Southall, Most NEEDFUL—"FEW WORDS" WITH PEACEMONGERS.
Mr. A. FULLER, 5, Beechy Road, Bournemouth: Most NEEDFUL—"NURSING" TRADE NOW.
Miss M. BRIDEN, 4, Albion Place, Ramsgate: STAGGERS THE KAISER—VISION OF FUTURE "RETREAT."
Mrs. W. MARSH, 1, Market Parade, Southall, Middlesex: MATRIMONY — THOUSANDS "ENTER" — FEW "SCRATCHED."
Mr. G. COTTON, 54, Bookham Street, Hoxton, London: FATHER'S SUNDAY—"TEN TO ONE" SOBER.
Mr. R NEWALL, 20, Oaklands Road, Hanwell, Middlesex: BECOMING DESPERATE—GOING FOR THE "DUTCH."
Mr. W. DOWE, 21, Henslow Road, Ipswich: COSTLY MISTAKE—"RUSHING" TO GET RICH.
Mr. C. LING, Ferry Cafe, Seacombe, Birkenhead: COSTLY MISTAKE—BOASTS INSTEAD OF BOATS.
Mr. A. CHALLIS, 65, High Street, Worcester: WICKED WASTE—"TIMES" CONSIDERS ITS CIRCULATION.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

MR. T. W. HINKLEY, The Nook, Teignmouth: PLAIN FOOD—WE'LL "LIVE ON."
Mr. T. DRISCOLL, 9, Legar Cres., Clones, Ireland: COSTLY MISTAKE—NOT "SUBMITTING" TO CENSOR.
Mr. J. CRUMPSTEY, 47, Lytham Rd., Fulwood, Preston: MATRIMONY—OFTEN "PARTNERSHIP" WITHOUT "AGREEMENT."
Mr. H. SULLIVAN, 7, Crooms Hill, Greenwich, S.E.: MOST NEEDFUL—TO "FIGHT" FOR PENSION.
Mrs. R. LOVELL, 67, Burrage Road, Plumstead, S.E.: MARRIED MEN—NEVER "LET OUT" MUCH.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. R. EDMANSON, 175, Spencer Place, Leeds: COSTLY MISTAKE—TOO MANY "HOUSES" NIGHTLY
Mr. T. CARRUTHERS, 75, Welldale, Annan, Scotland: COSTLY MISTAKE—WOKE UP DURING COLLECTION.

(Continued at top of next column.)

Continued from previous column.

Mr. A. MACKIN, 41, Hamilton Rd., Normacott, Staffs: WHAT HAIG SAYS—"MUCH" TO GERMANY'S REGRET.
Mr. O. FROUDE, New Cottages, Guardbridge, Fife: GENERAL CONFIDENCE—FORMERLY "REPOSED" IN ASQUITH.
Mr. E. MARSHALL, G.P.O. Staff, Cranbrook, Kent: COSTLY MISTAKE—TREATING "TIME" AS ALLY.

THE 'JOHN BULL' GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

BRONCHIAL COUGH

Mother and Baby Cured by Veno's.

Mrs. MOYLE, 55, Beaufort Road, St. Thomas, Exeter, says: "I am ever so pleased to tell you that Veno's Lightning Cough Cure has quite cured my little baby. He was suffering with Bronchitis, and nothing else did any good. Baby was born with a delicate chest, and every week or so would have bad attacks of coughing and wheezing. Often he could hardly get his breath. Poor little dear, it was pitiful to see him struggling and so shaken with coughing. I tried all sorts of things, but none of them did the slightest good. I had medical advice too, but poor baby did not get a bit better. But at last I got Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and it was marvellous how baby recovered. A few doses cured him, and he has never had a cough since."

Mrs. Moyle and Baby.

A SIXPENNY BOOK FREE. Write now for "The Veno Book of Health," containing valuable information which no sufferer should be without. Address: BOX 750, THE VENO DRUG CO., LTD., MANCHESTER.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure Instantly Relieves and Speedily Cures:

INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, LUNG TROUBLES, COUGHS & COLDS.

11½d. a Bottle.

ASTHMA, BLOOD-SPITTING, NASAL CATARRH, WHOOPING COUGH, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

Larger sizes, 1/3 and 3/-. The 3/- size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including Leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing on THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—
Pte. J. LOVELL, 22, Nab Lane, Blackburn. February 17th. 117,448.
JAMES R. GRAY, 4, St. Mark's-street, Millfield, Sunderland. February 17th. 247,459
J. S. HURFORD, "Braemar," Clifton-terrace, Llanelly, Carm. February 10th. 439,268.
GERTRUDE TAYLOR, 43, Penrhyn-road, Endcliffe, Sheffield. February 24th. 271,163.
Mrs. EVA GRAHAM, 29, Woodfield-road, King's Heath, Birmingham. February 24th. A413,430.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 10th:—

024,679	345,100	600,414	956,628	A268,537
048,210	361,516	642,130	991,579	A290,263
076,723	384,438	661,275	A024,053	A297,211
091,326	400,640	695,579	A038,767	A364,193
100,425	436,555	754,818	A067,361	A381,515
169,516	452,105	773,844	A085,742	A400,892
185,002	477,886	815,314	A106,667	A442,307
246,628	503,207	838,512	A143,862	A486,086
298,316	538,591	880,940	A189,246	A551,672
312,463	587,156	922,051	A237,941	A599,823

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.
The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published March 21st).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for March 10, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 464,278 and A001,426. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely free of charge, an insurance against ZEPPELIN or other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force. Readers may, however obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon with clause (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—and not to Germans, Hungarians Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY.

You may if you are a regular and continuous reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

March 17, 1917. .....

NOTE. Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form, you must fill in clause (a) of the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgement of receipt of coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT. JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (Strike out one of these.)

(a) Placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....

Newsagent, of.....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme. ..... OR .....

(b) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

March 17, 1917.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
[Mr., Mrs., or Miss]

Address of home .....

.....

He's a gallant Peruvian sport, of an antediluvian sort,
And he's just returned from hunting with a little snack for tea;
And while cooky's preparing the feed,
With our goblins he's sharing a weed
From the famous little packet, Chairman Juniors ***10*** *for* ***3d.***

If you have Chairman Juniors you have really good cigarettes. They are made of pure Virginia tobacco, so blended that they smoke cool to the tongue and have a flavour that pleases nine men in every ten. Quality has not been sacrificed to size—they are just the necessary amount smaller than the original Chairman Cigarettes to permit them to be sold at canteens and tobacconists everywhere at

3d. for 10.

In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the cigarettes, as there are no coupons or pictures with them . . . and they are made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd. Manchester.

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All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-93, Long Acre, London, W.C 2. Telephone: Gerrard 9870 (seven lines).